

**MON** JOURNAL

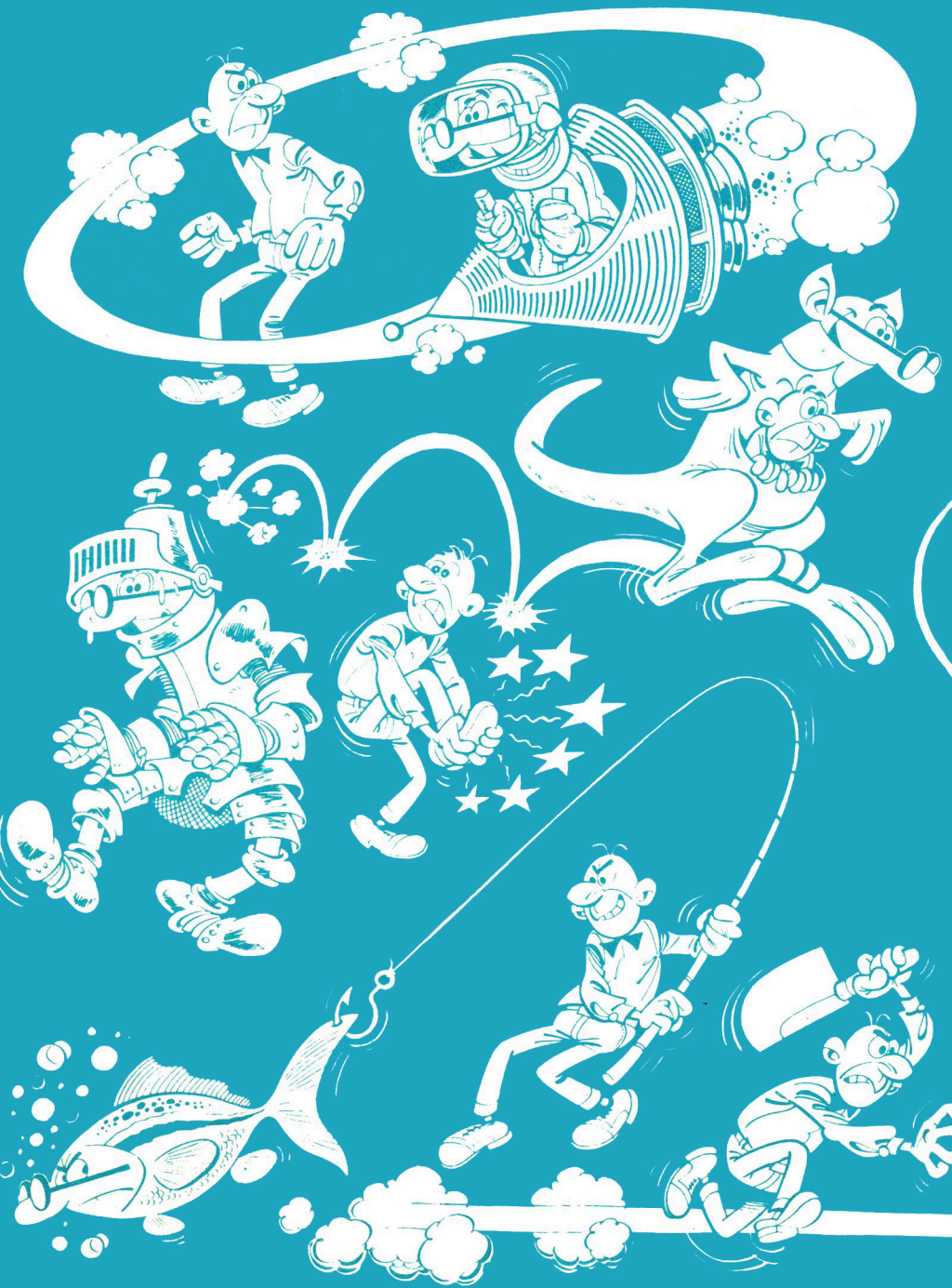
présente

# MORTADEL et FILMON

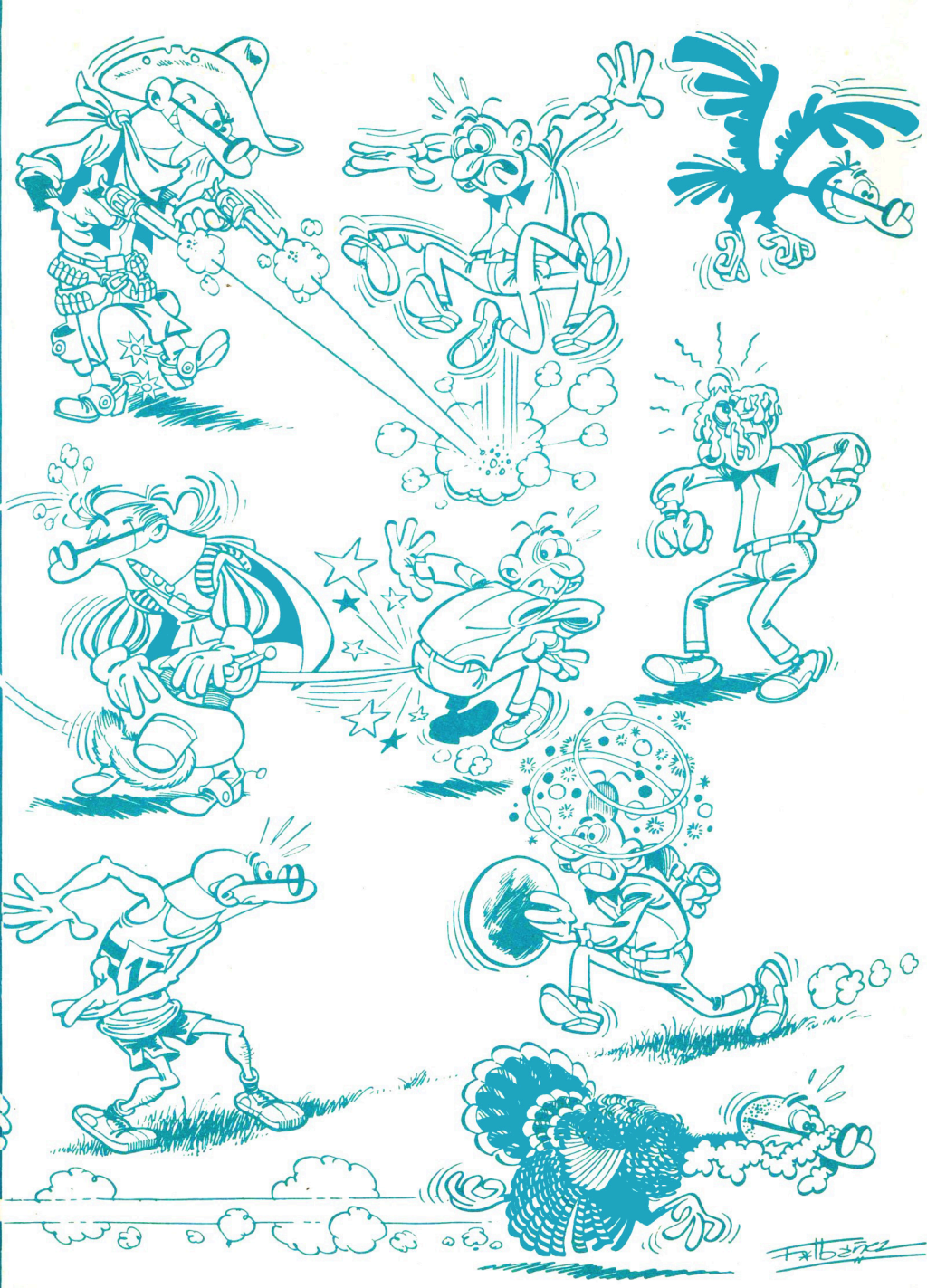
N°  
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OLÉ, TORERO





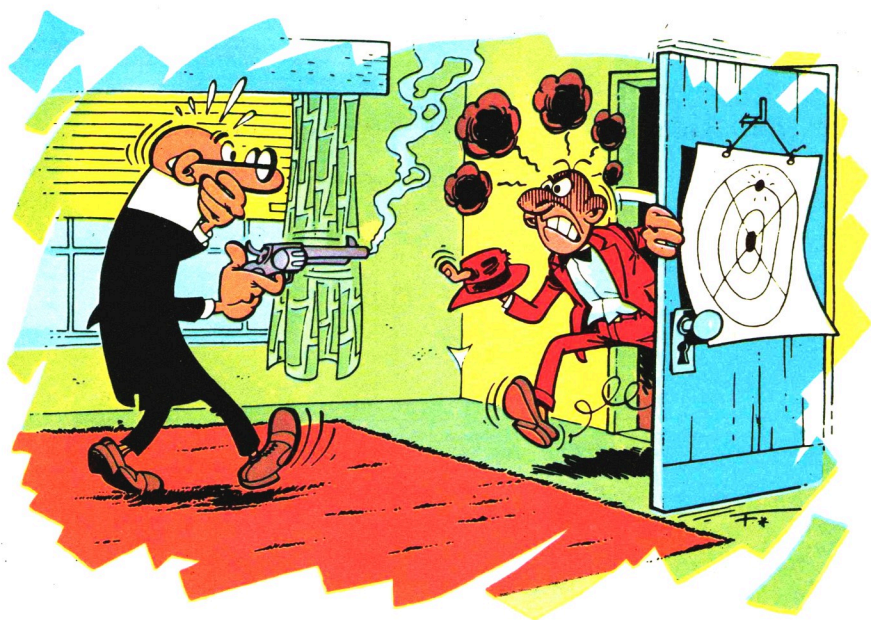




UNE AVENTURE DE MORTADEL ET FILEMON

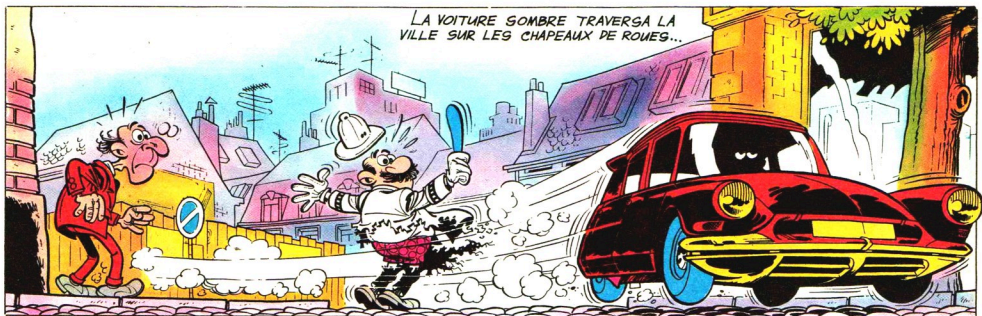
# OLE', TORERO!

SCENARIO ET DESSINS  
DE F. IBÁÑEZ

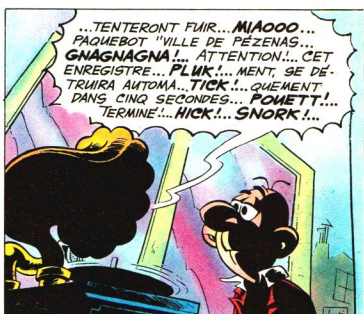
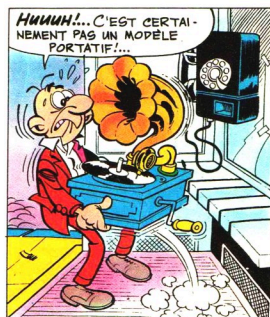
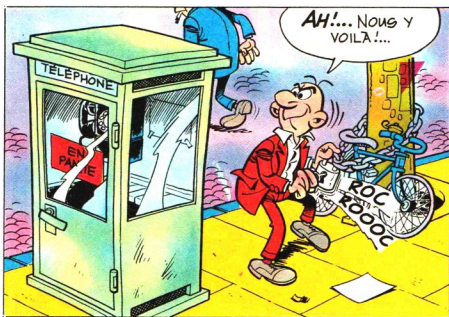
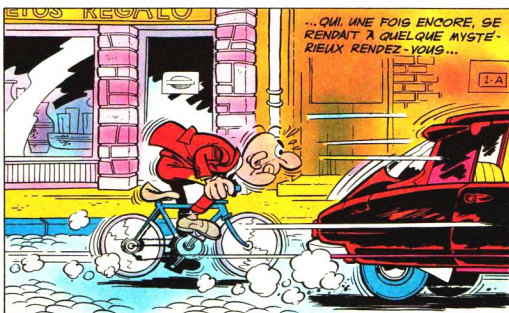
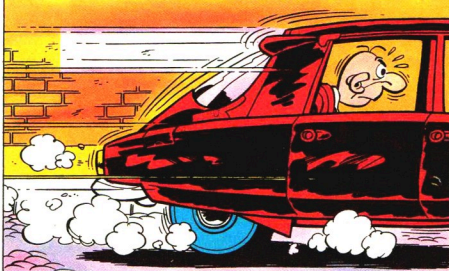


**EDITIONS AVENTURES ET VOYAGES, S. A.**  
26, RUE D'ABOUKIR - PARIS

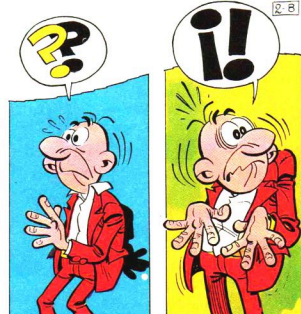
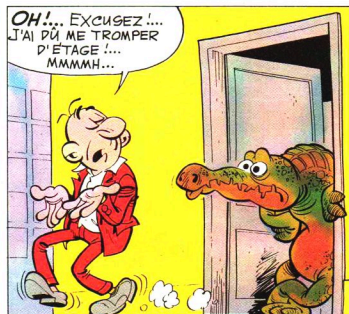
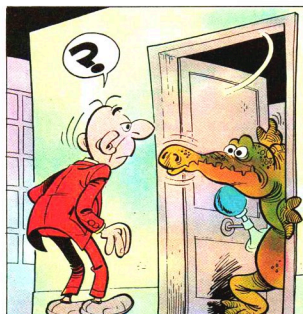
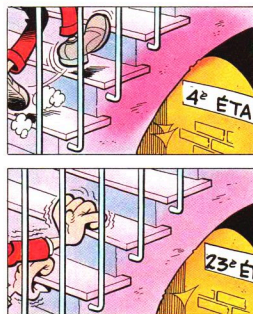
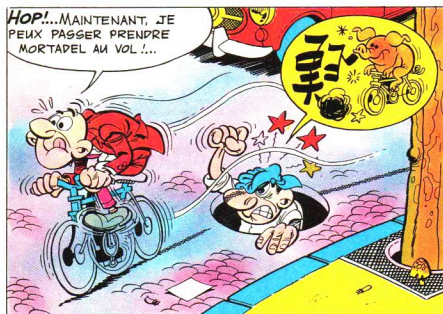
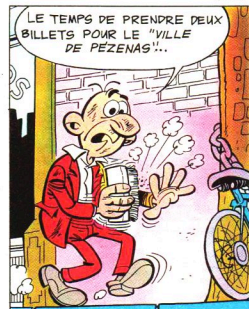
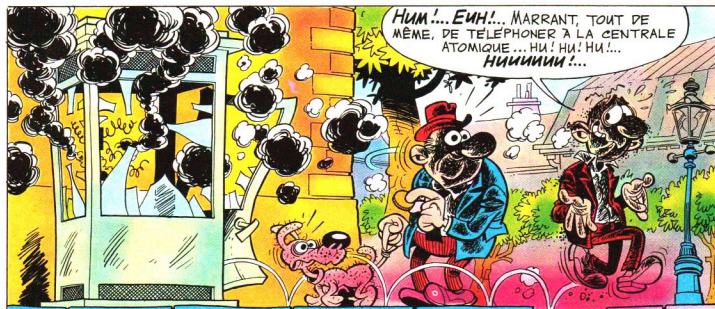
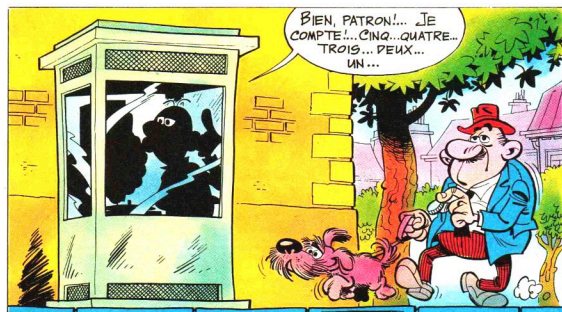




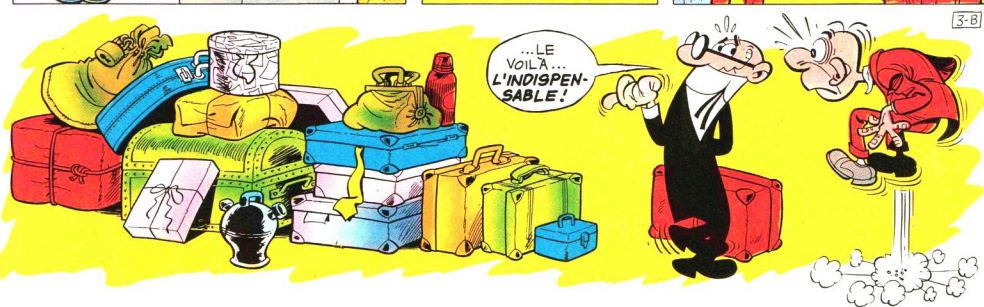
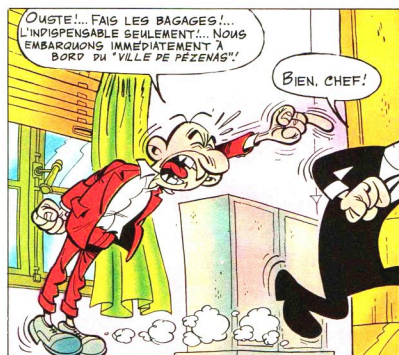
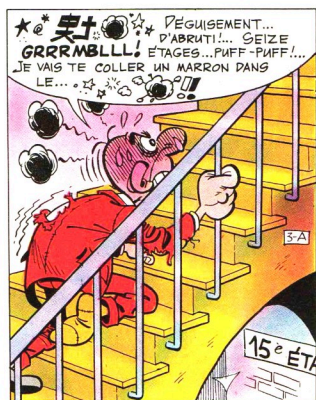
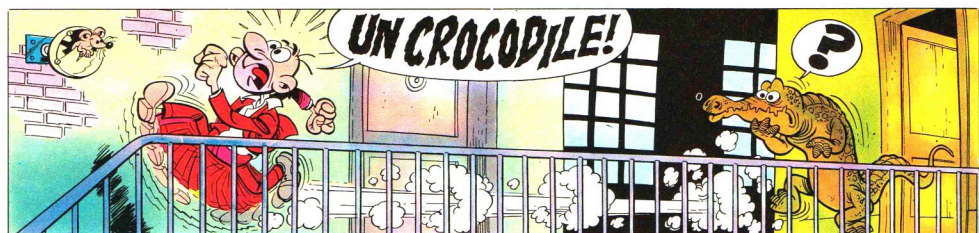
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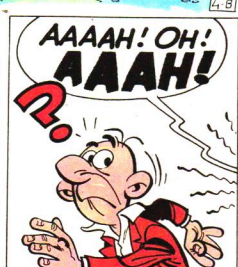
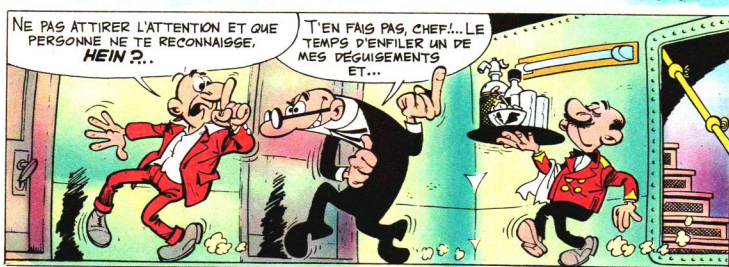
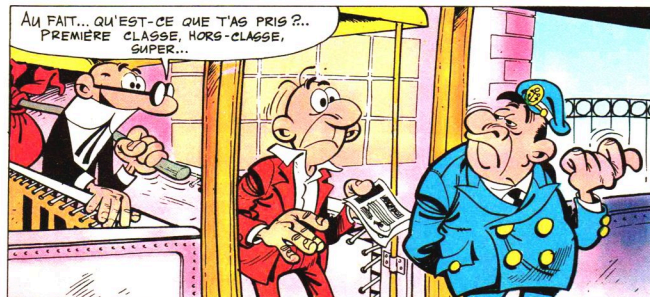
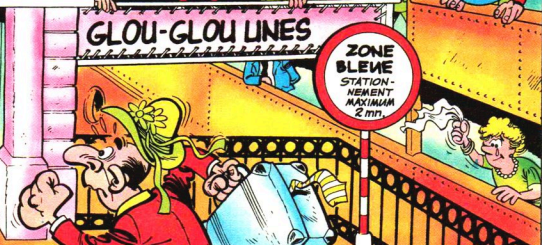
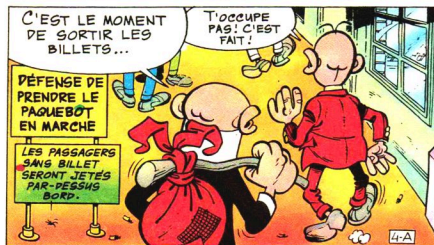
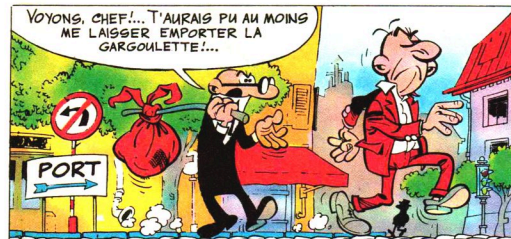




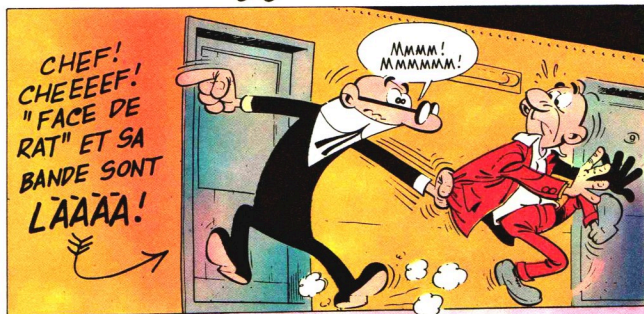
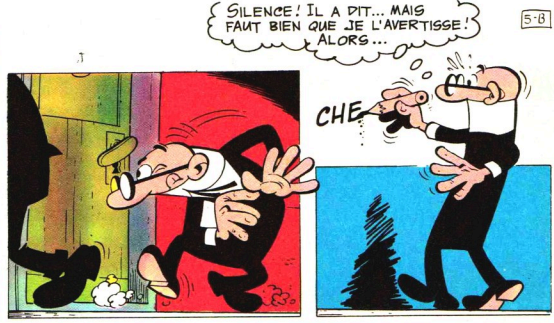
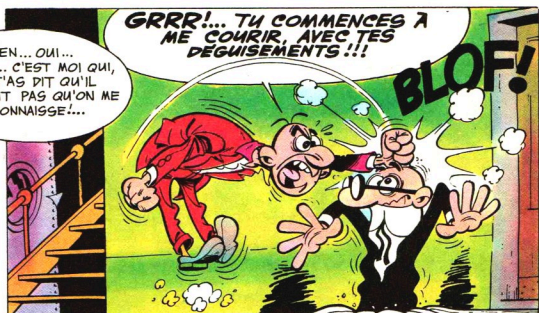
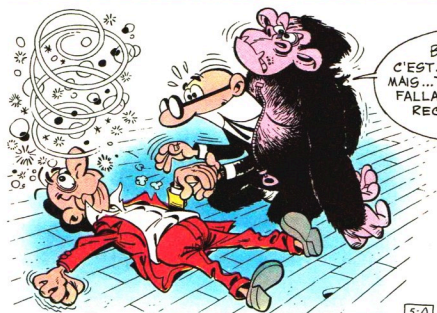
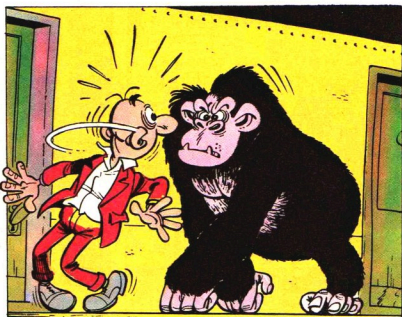
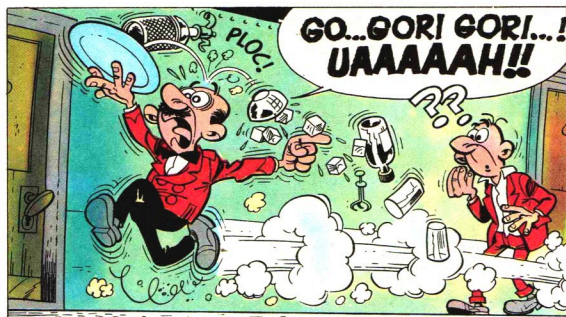




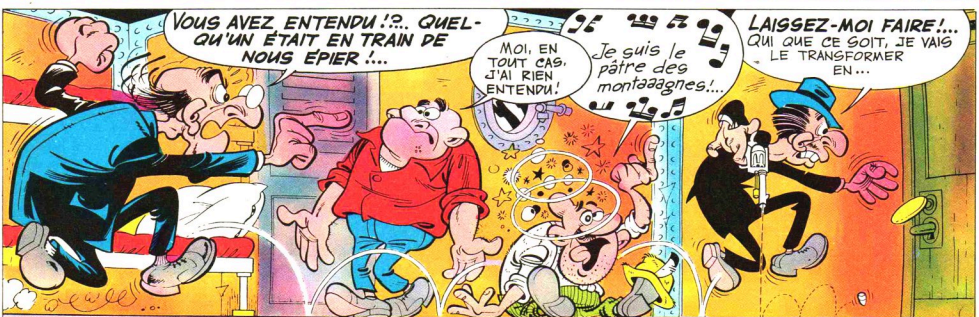
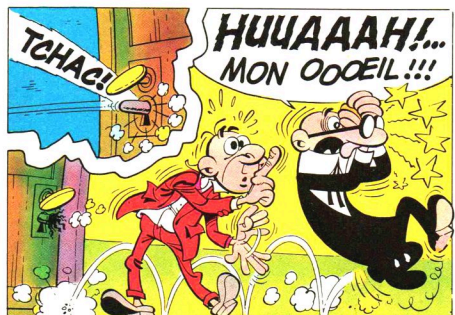
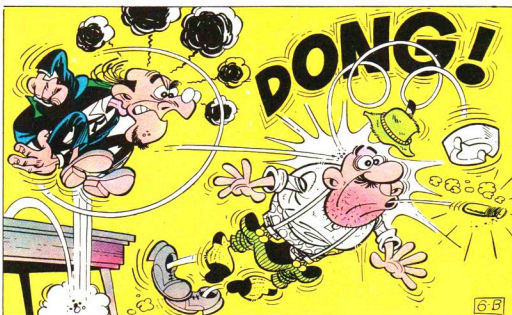
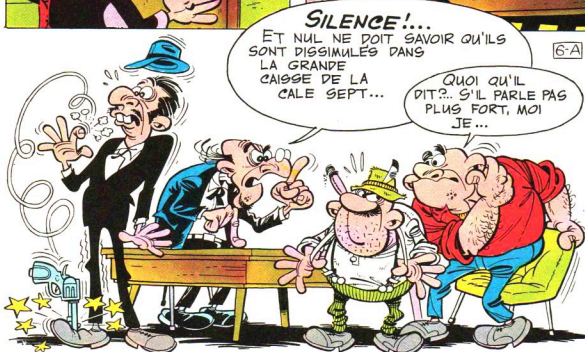
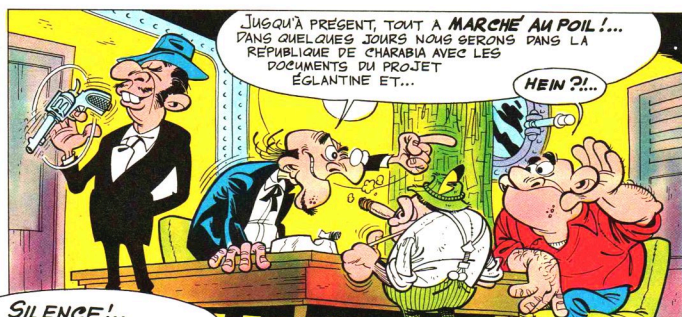




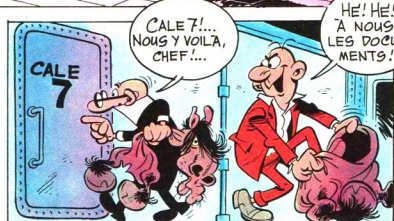
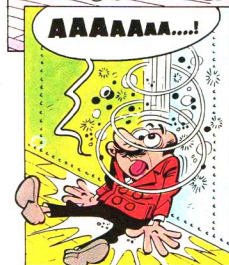
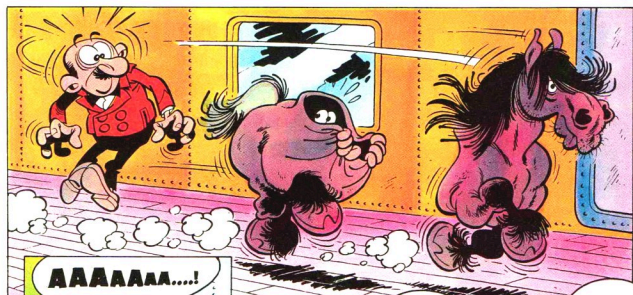
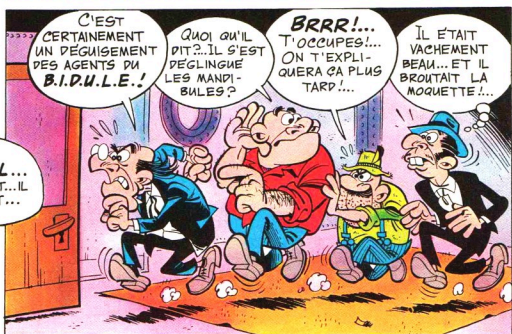
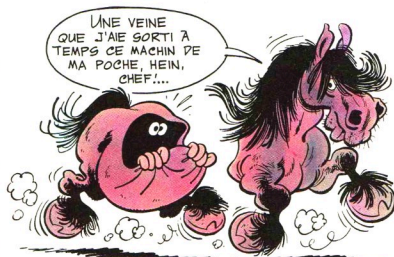
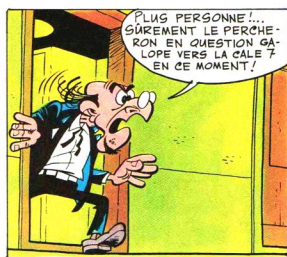
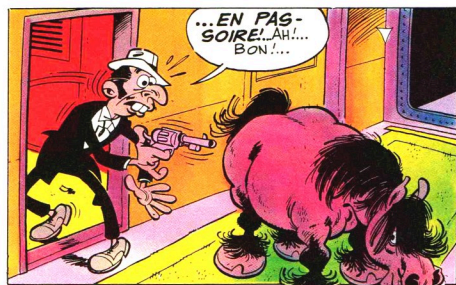




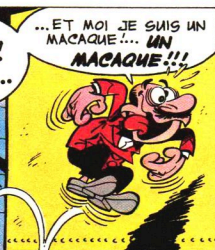
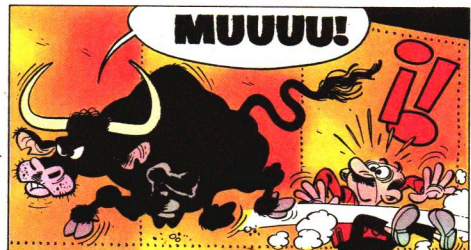
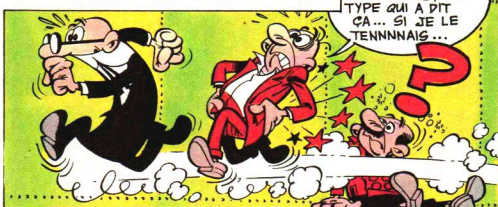
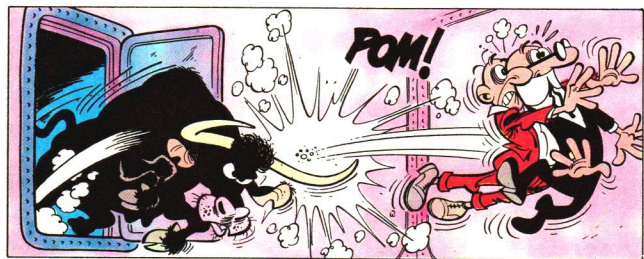
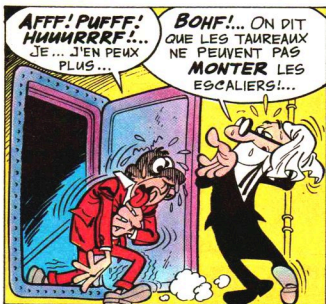
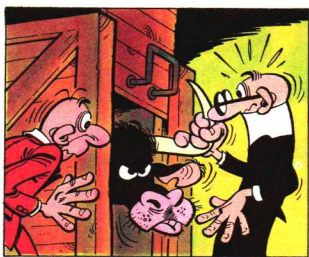




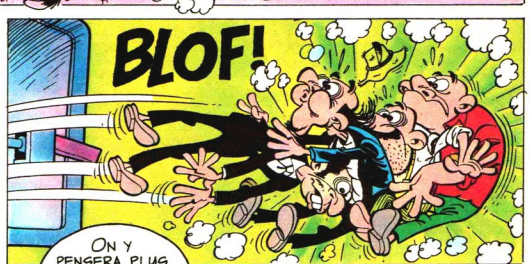
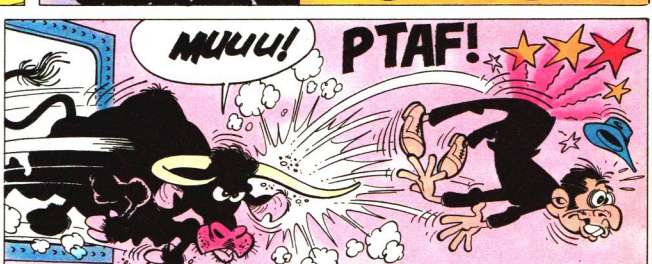
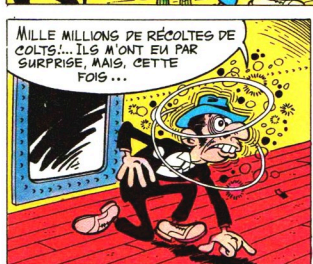
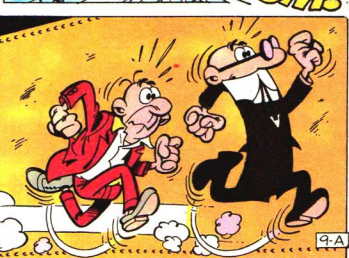
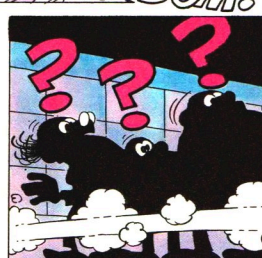
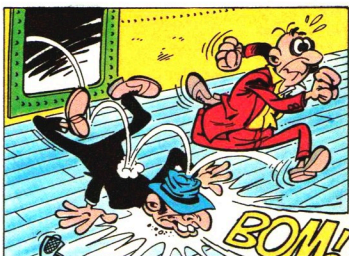
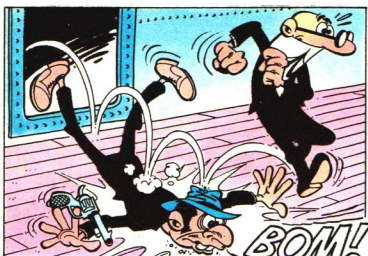
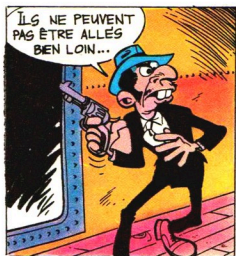




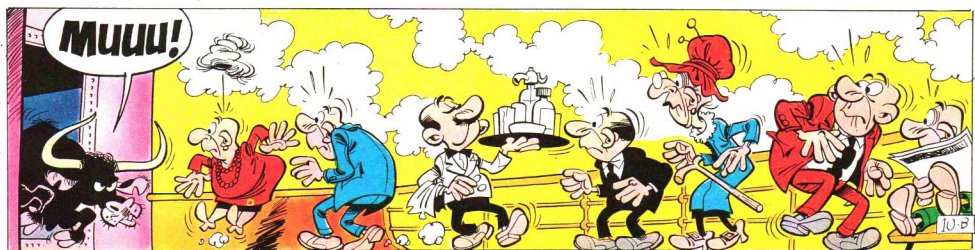
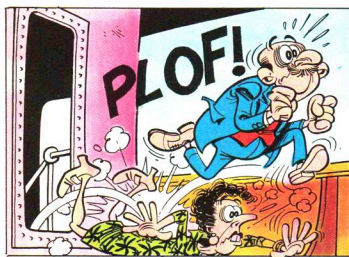
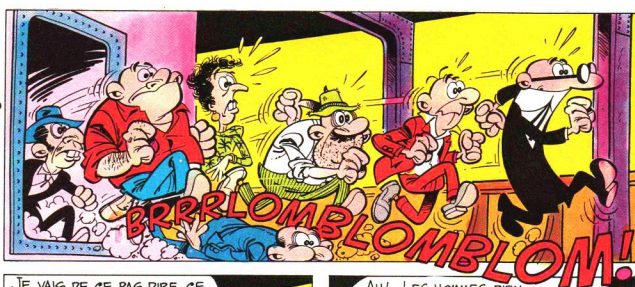
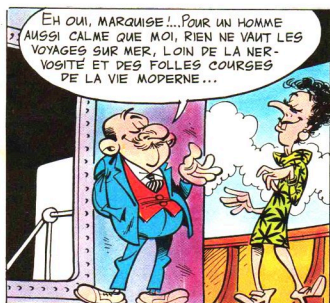








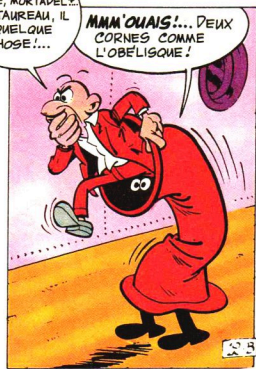
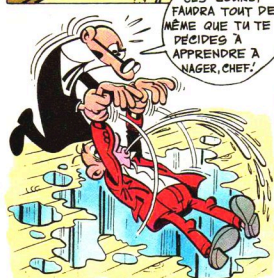
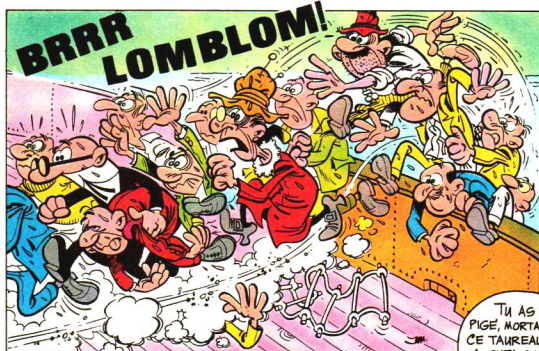
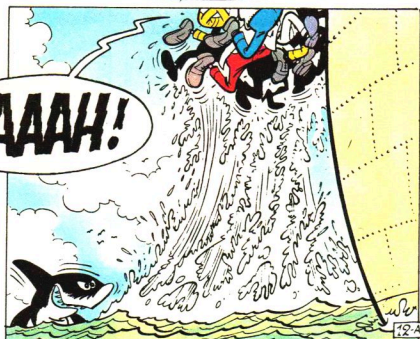
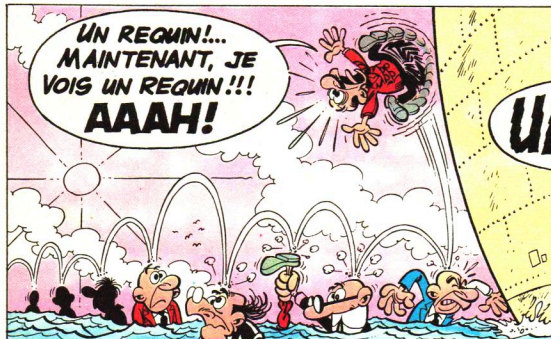
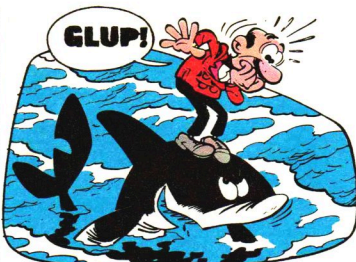




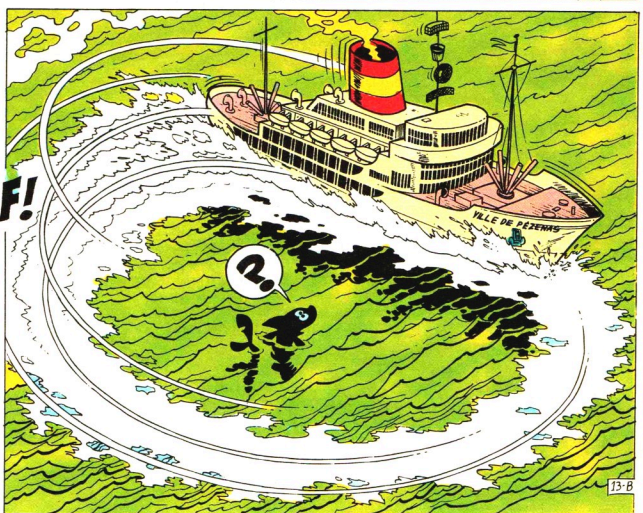
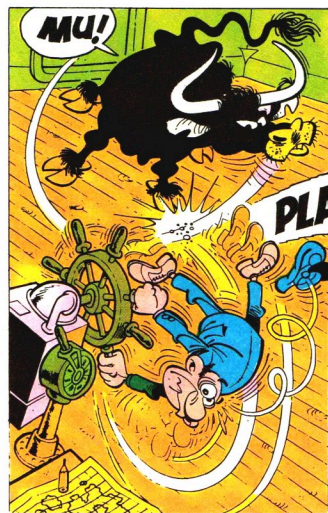
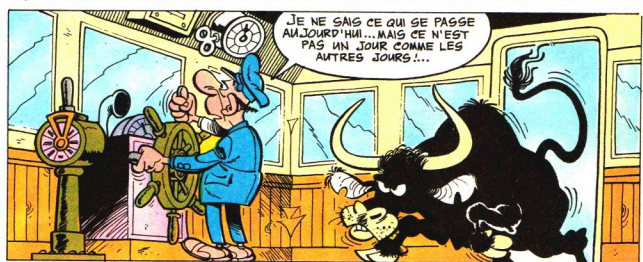
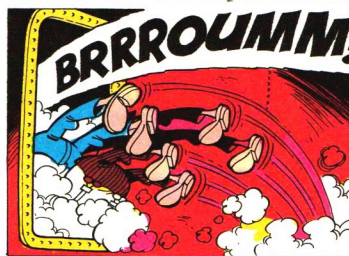
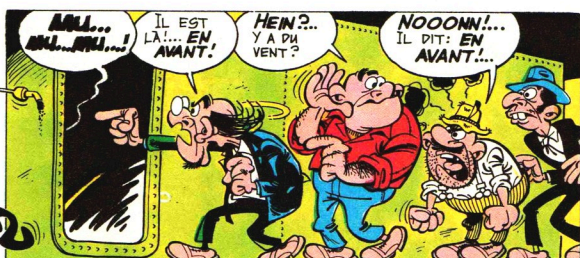




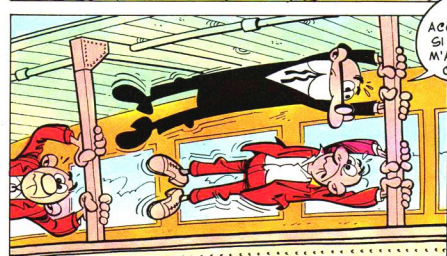
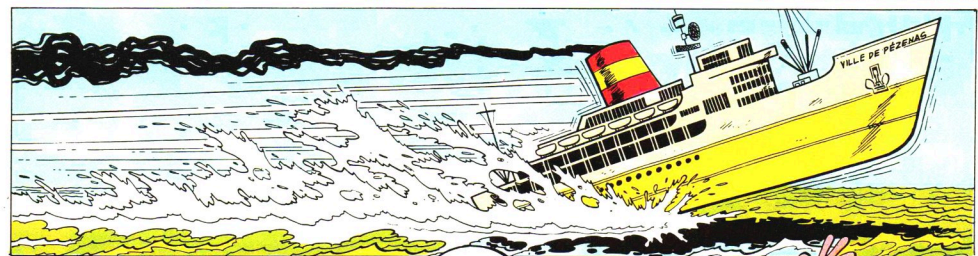
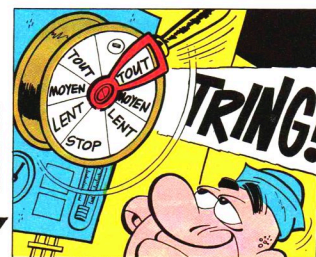
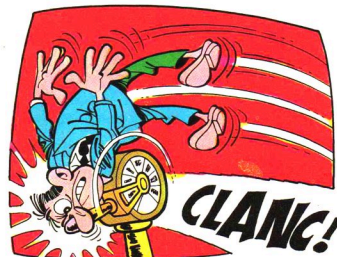
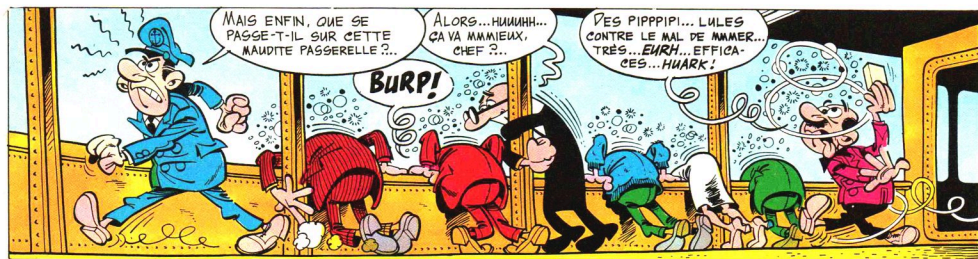




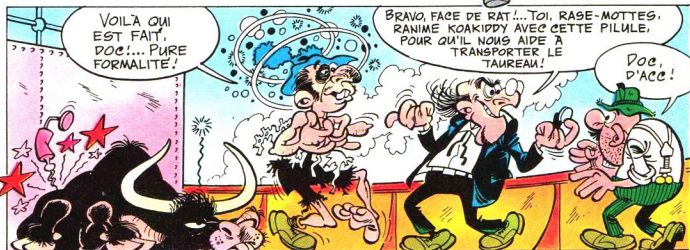
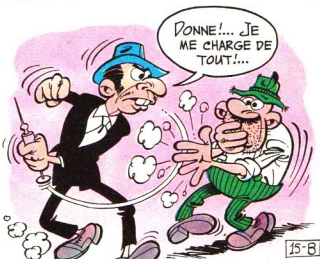
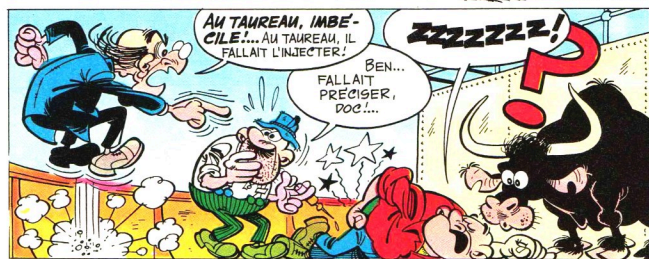
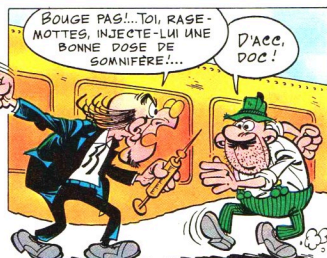
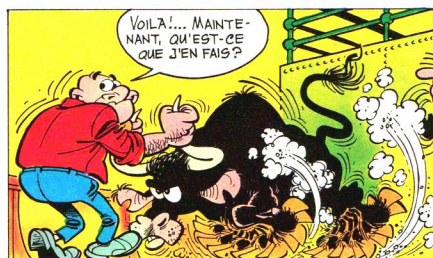
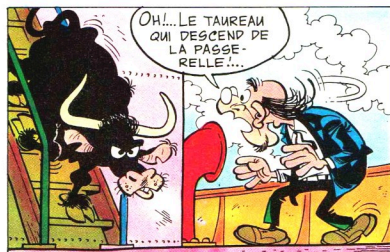
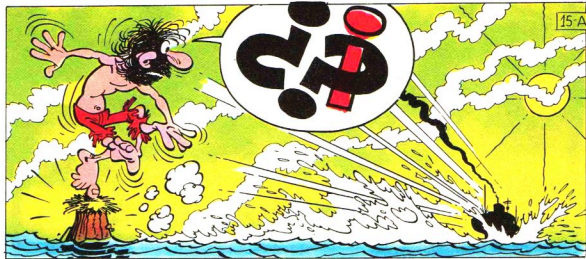




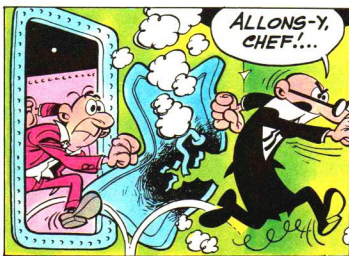
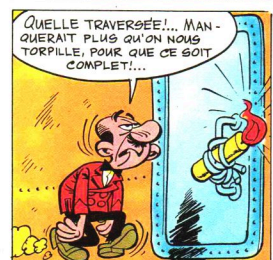
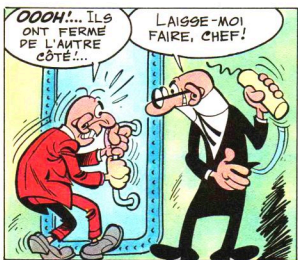
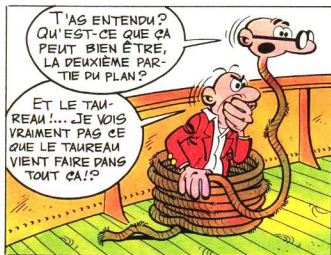




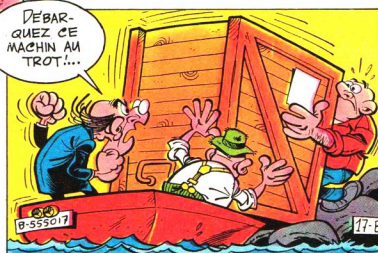
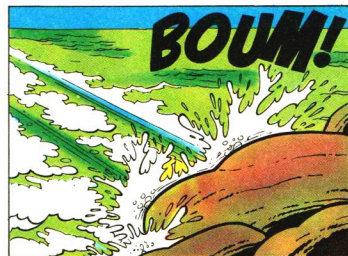
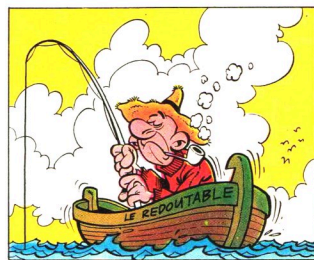
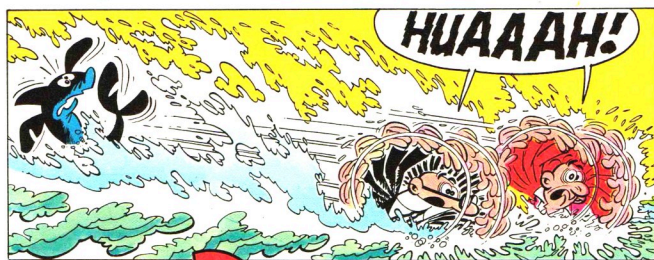
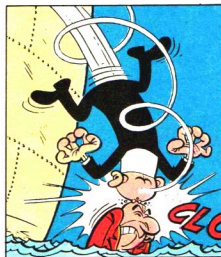




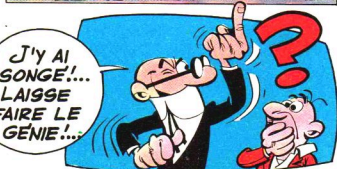
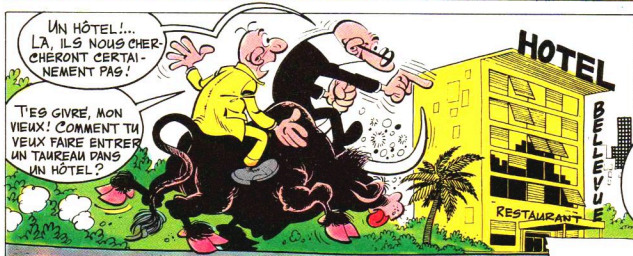
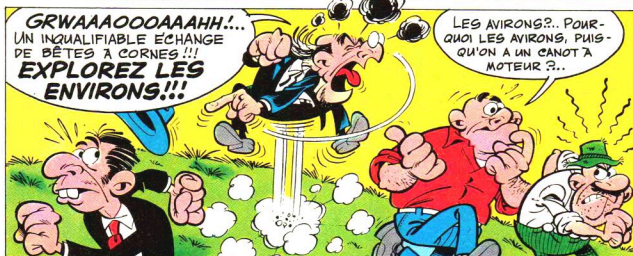
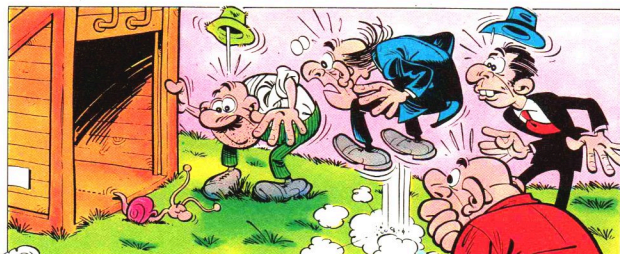
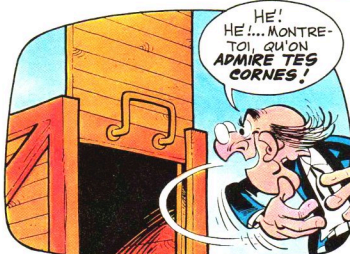
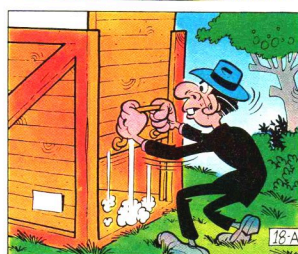
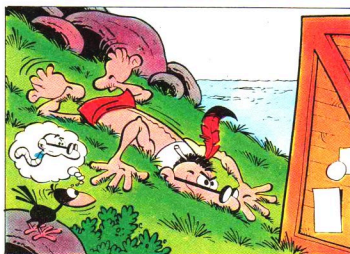
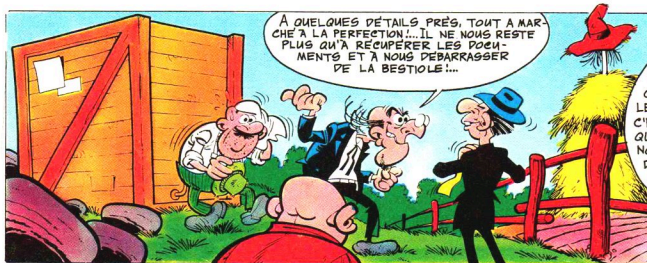




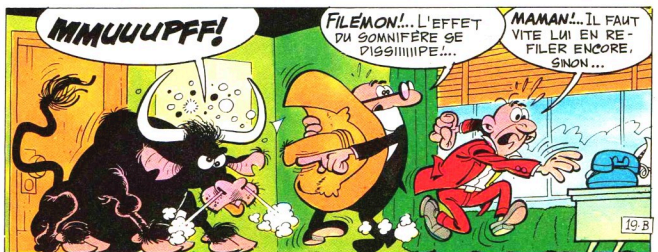
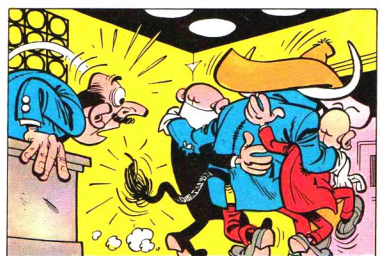
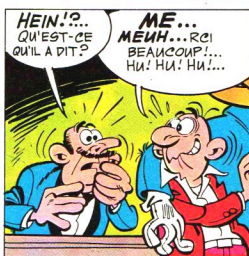
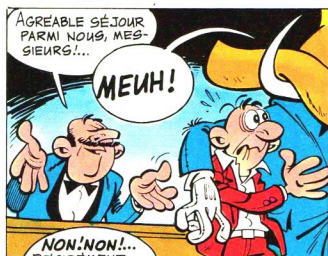
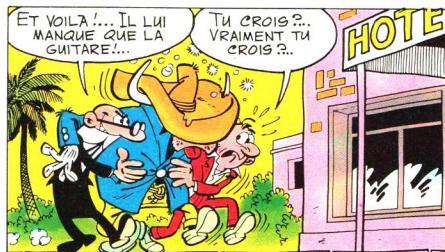
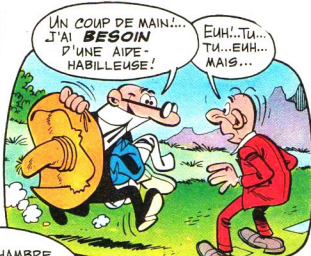
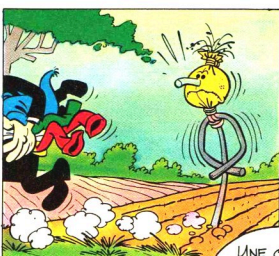
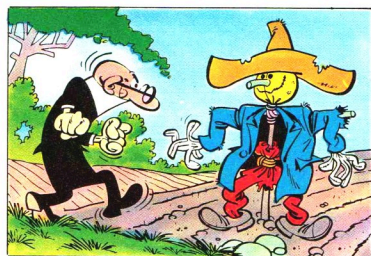




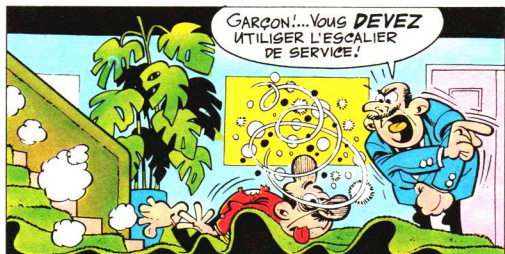
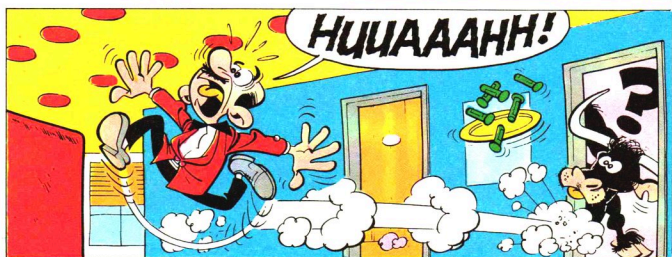
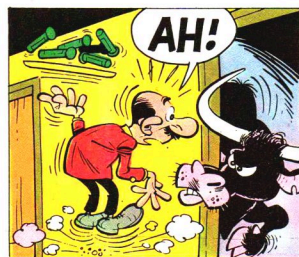
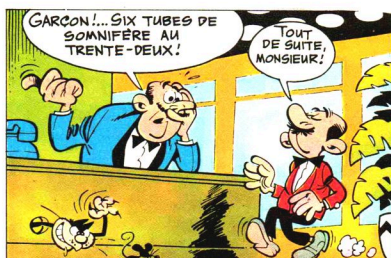




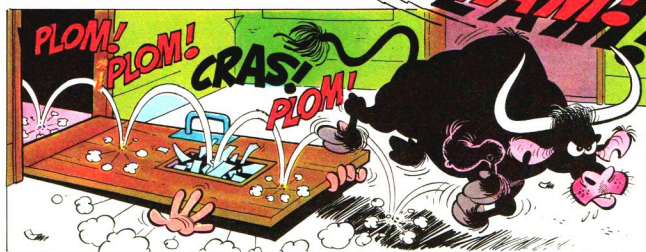
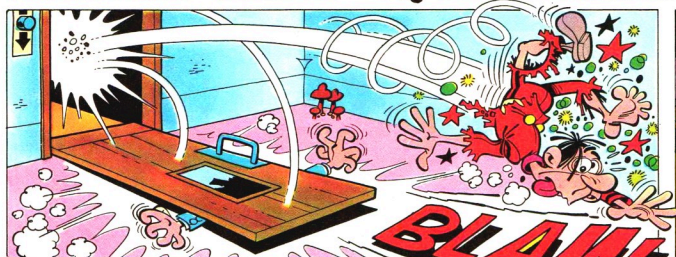
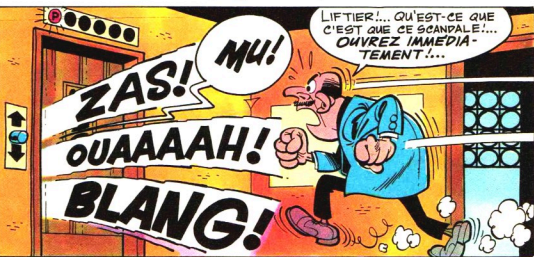
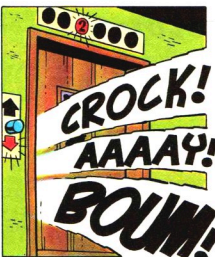
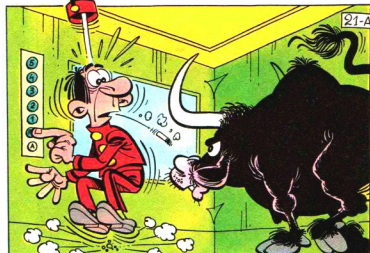
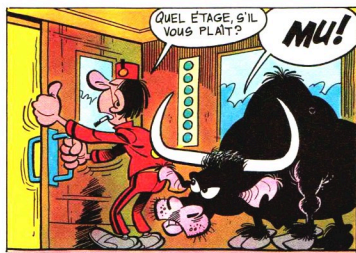
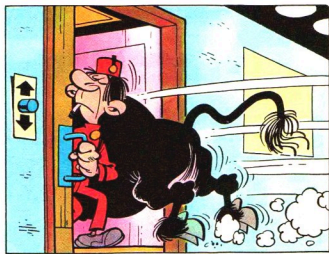
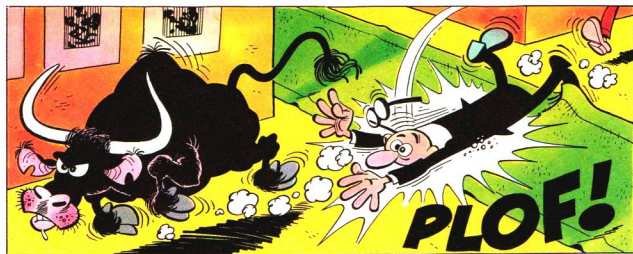




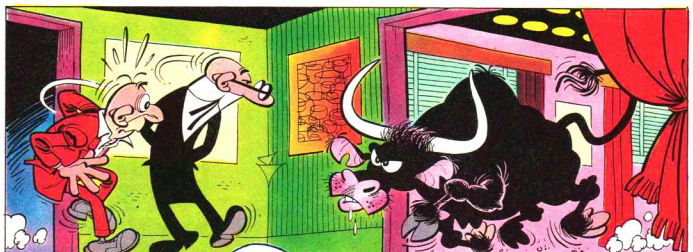
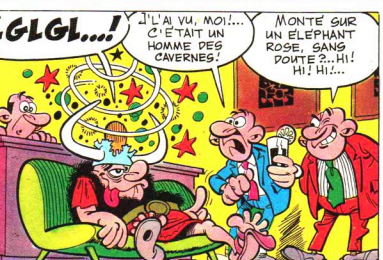
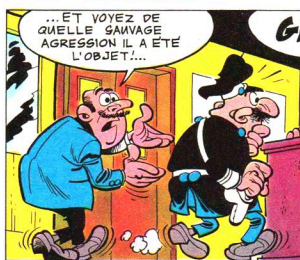
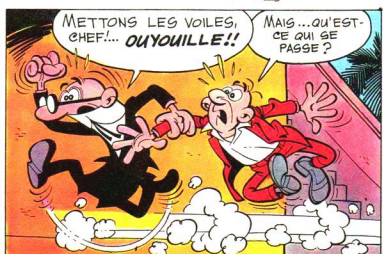
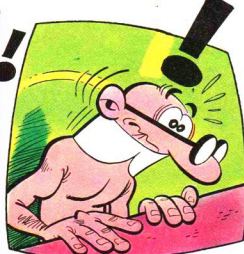
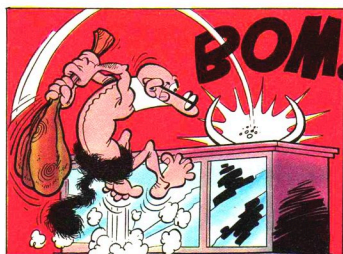
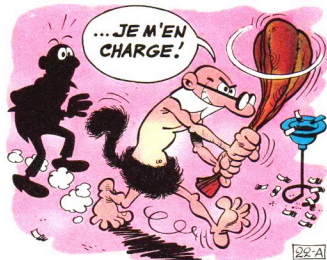
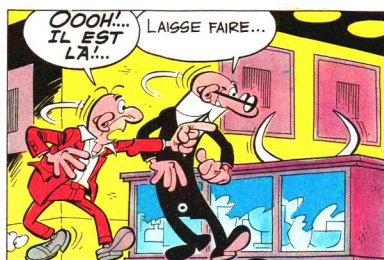




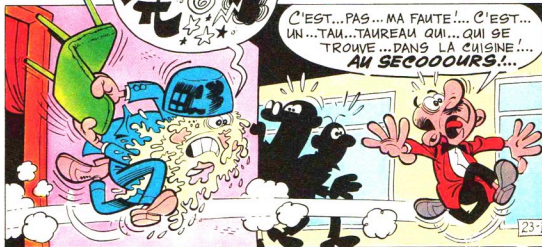
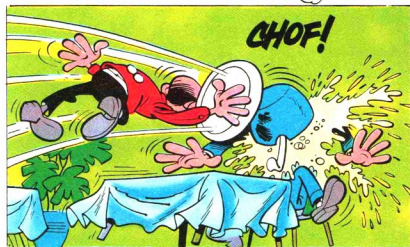
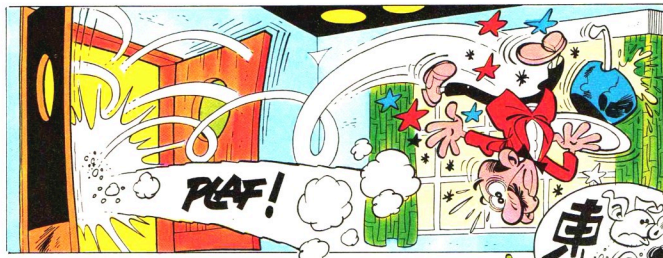
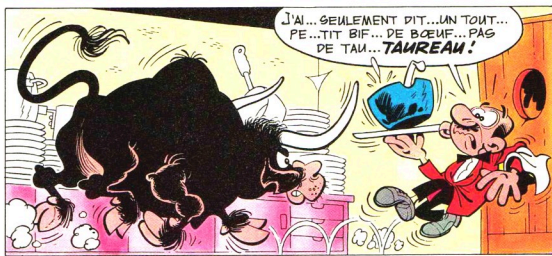
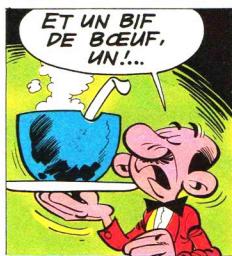
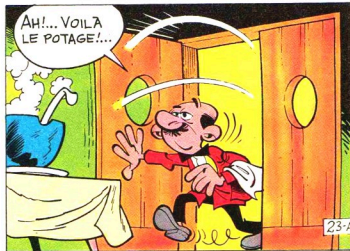
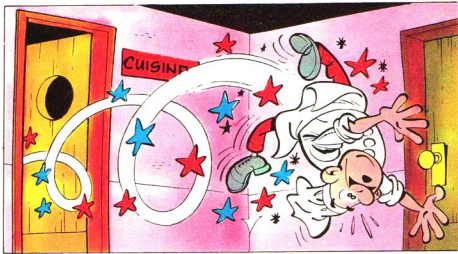




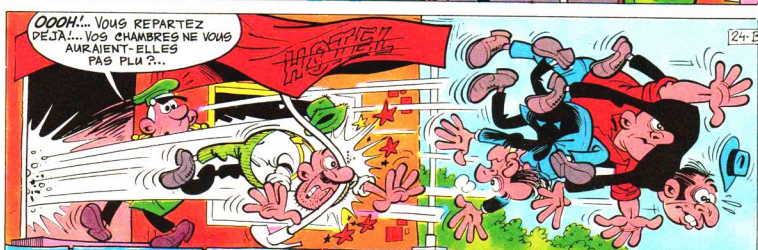
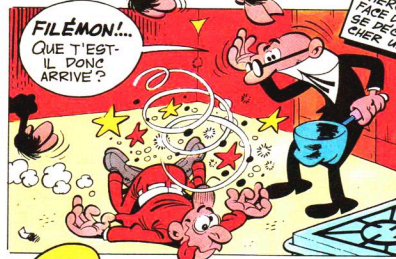
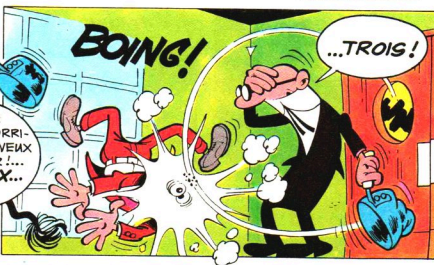




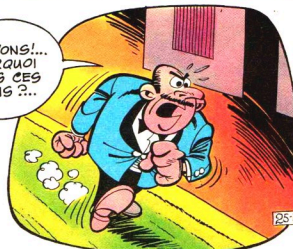
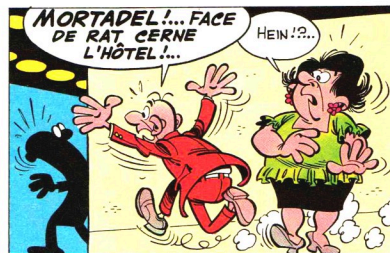
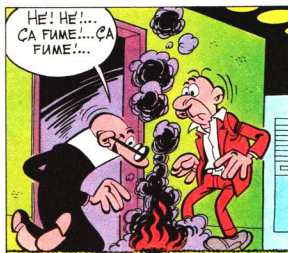
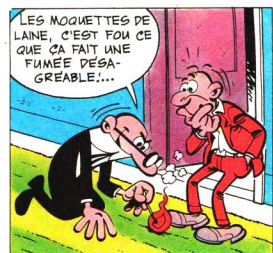
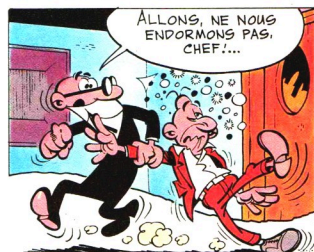




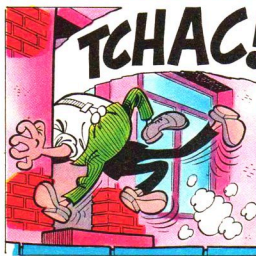
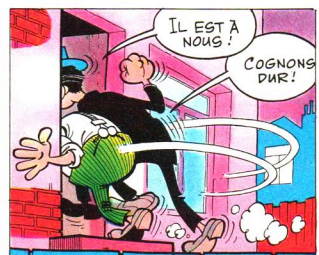
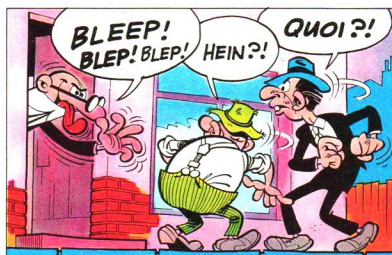
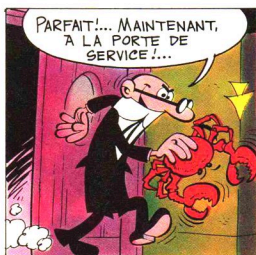
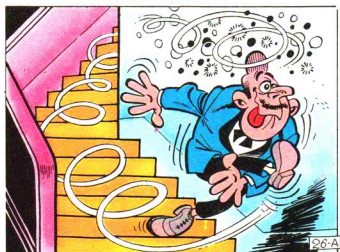
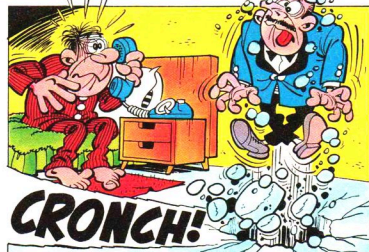
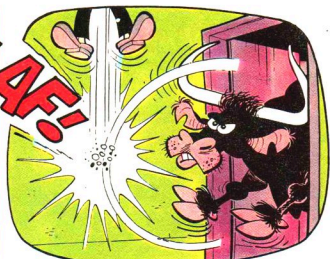
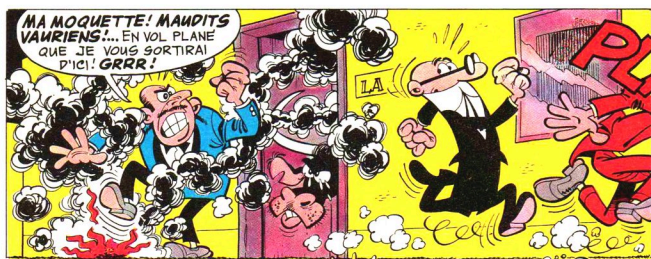




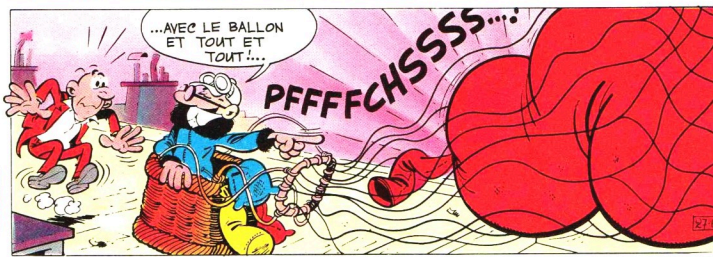
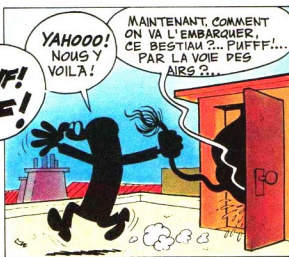
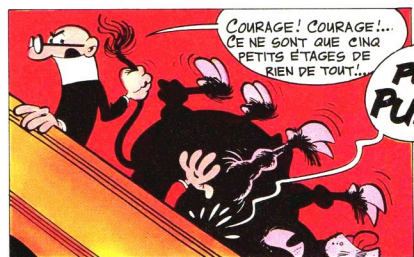
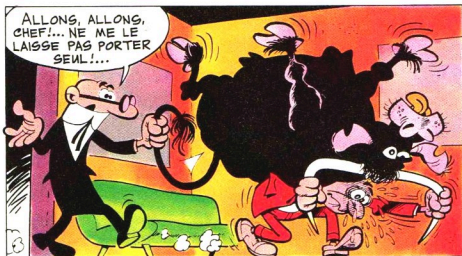
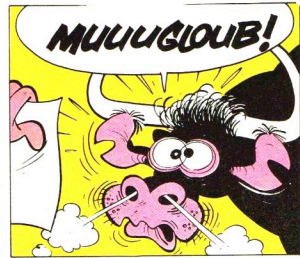




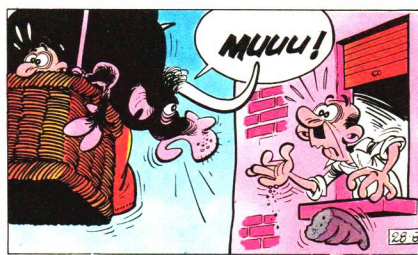
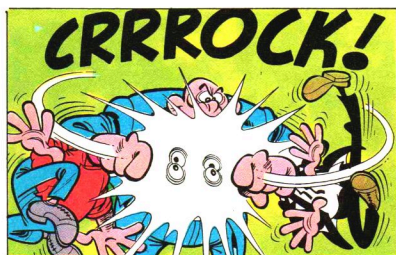
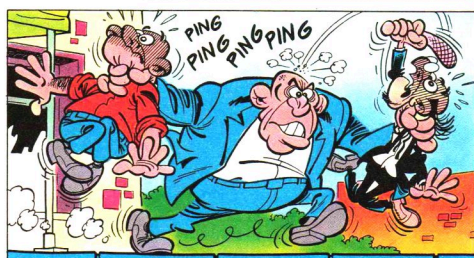
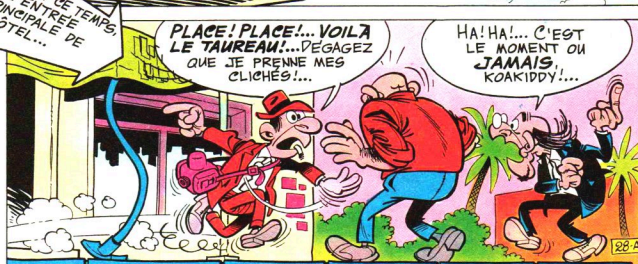
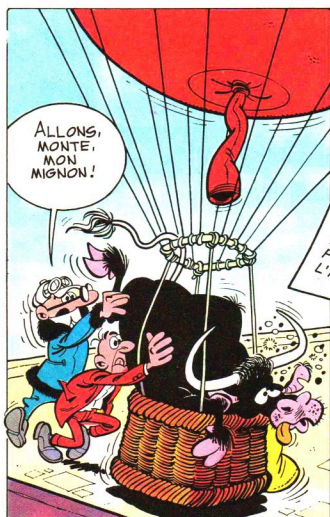




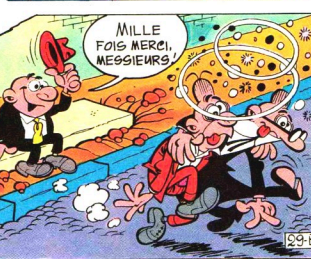
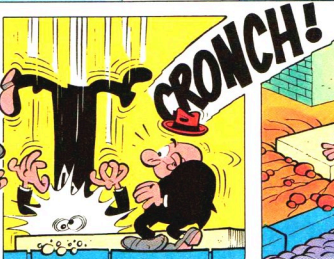
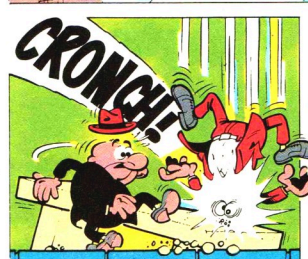
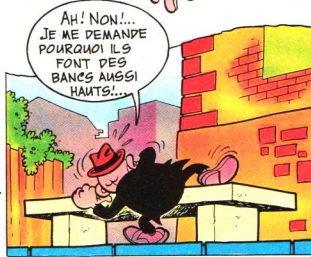
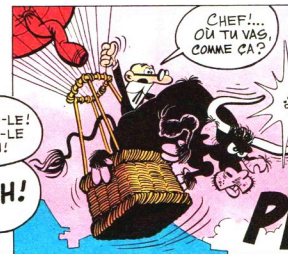
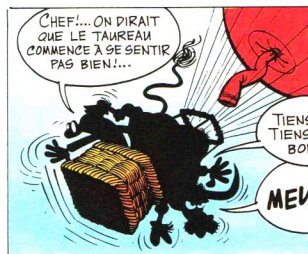
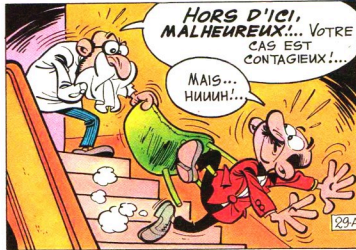
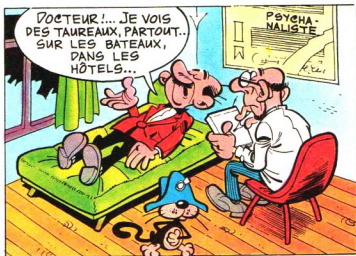




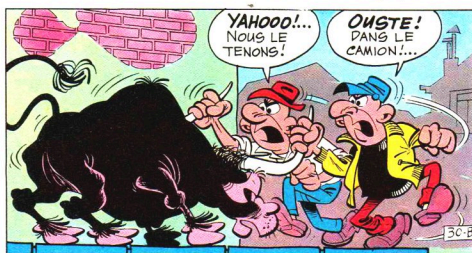
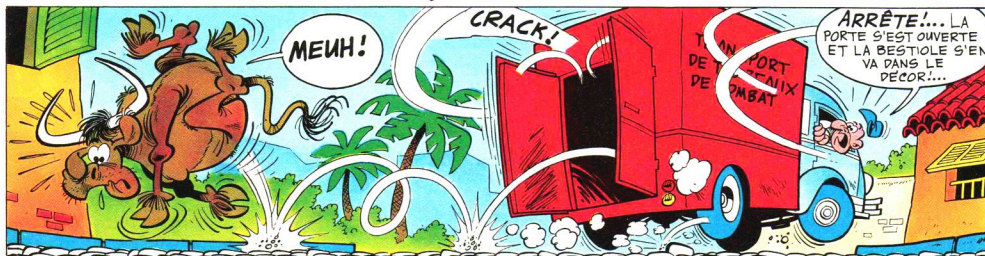
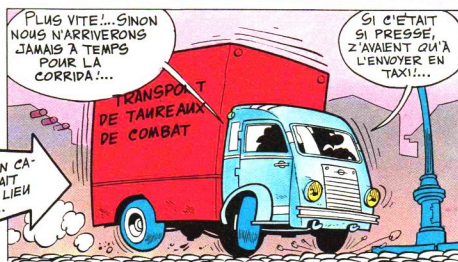
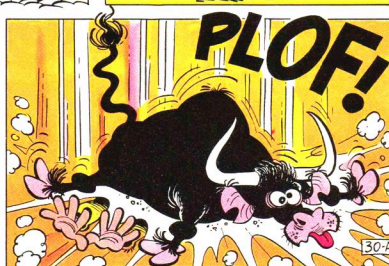
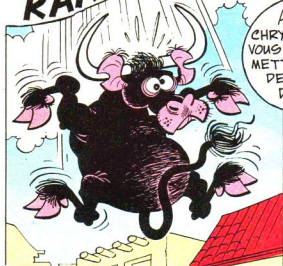




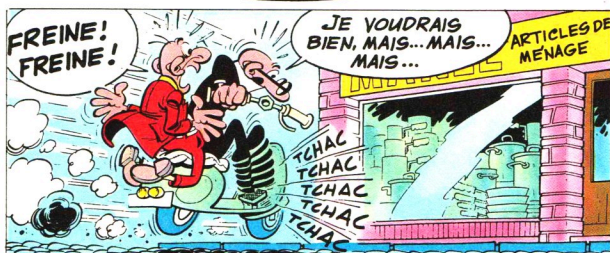
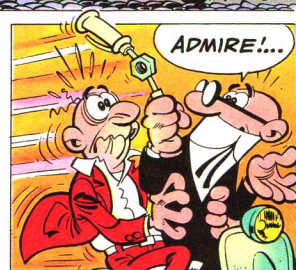
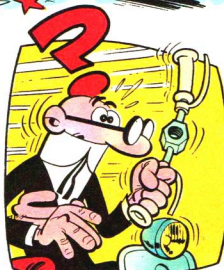
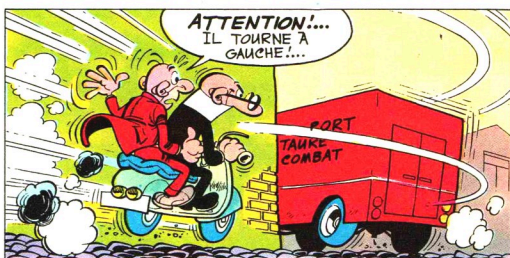
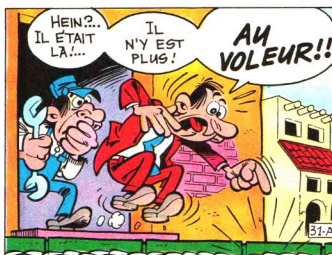
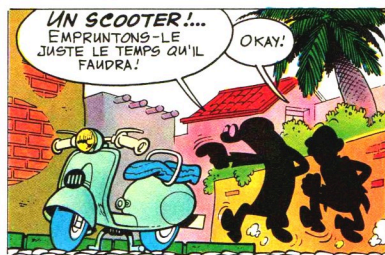
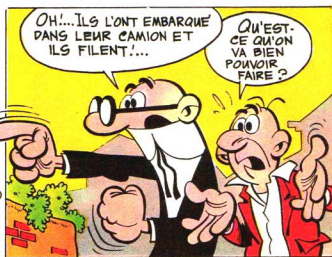
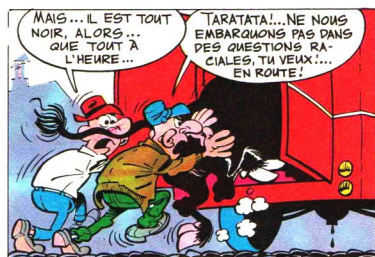








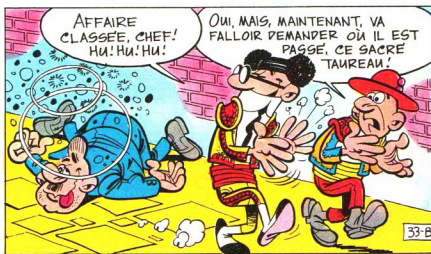
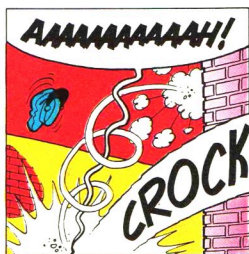
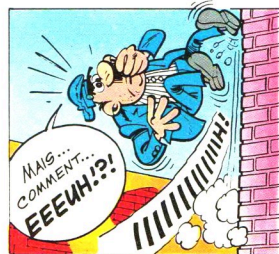
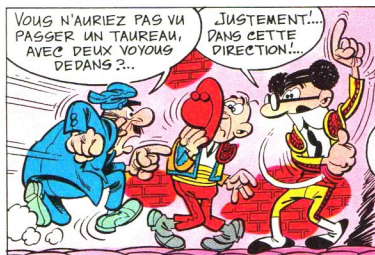
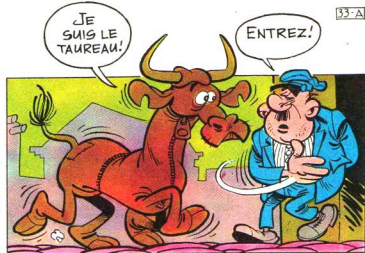
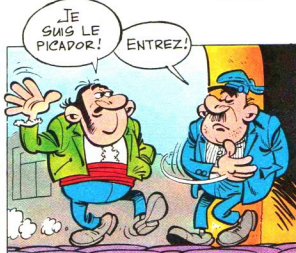
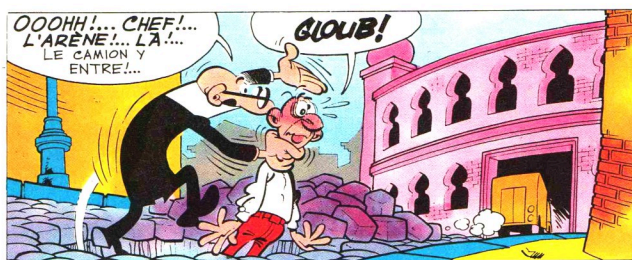




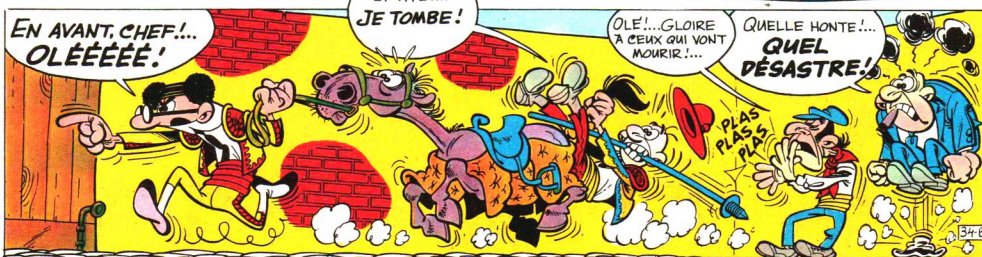
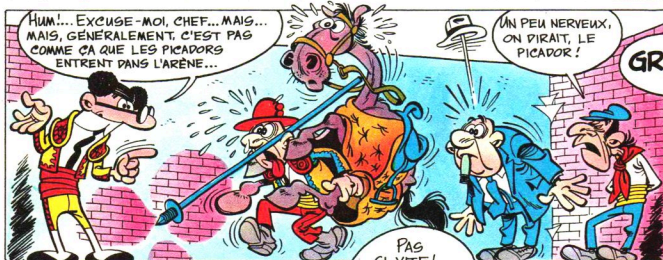
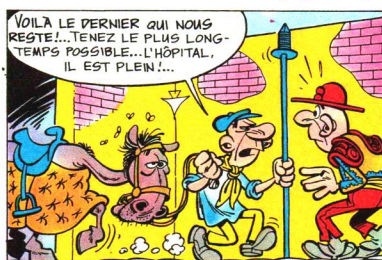
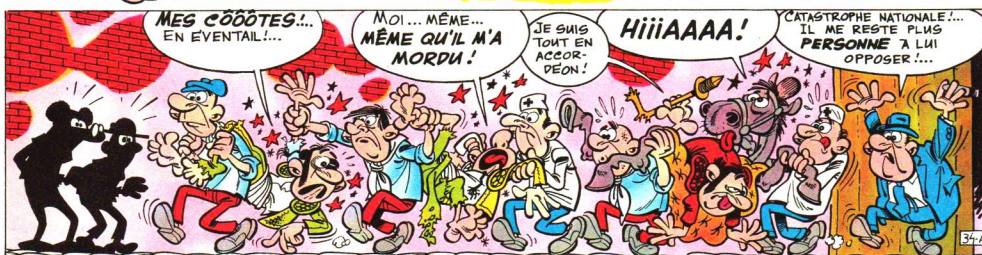




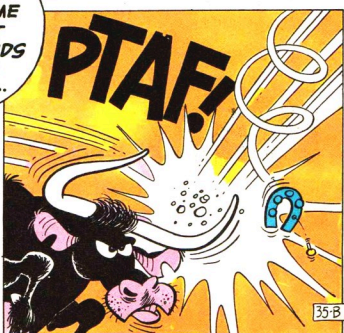
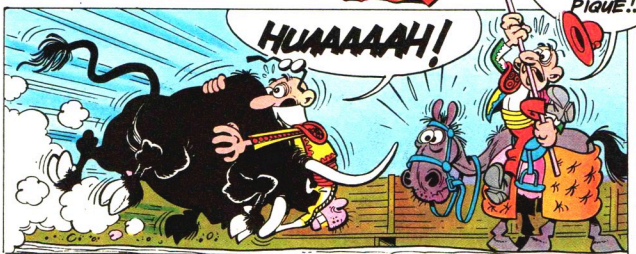
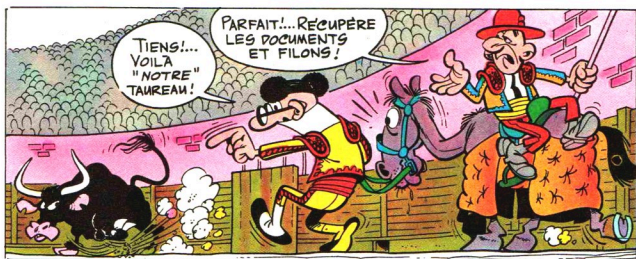
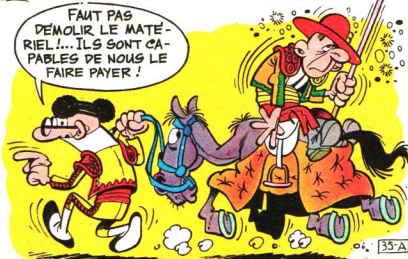
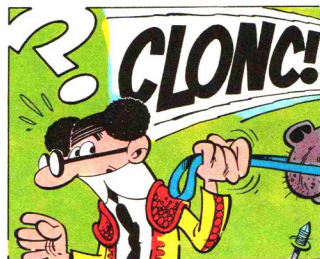
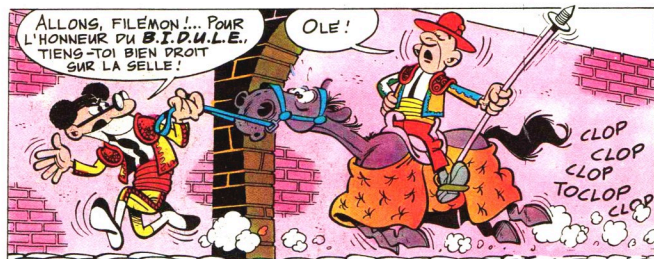




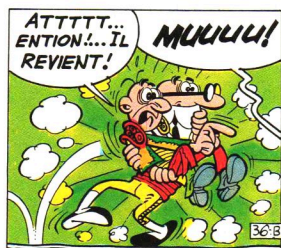
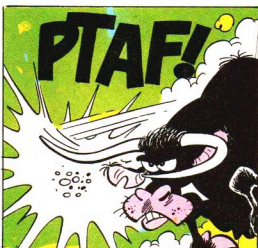
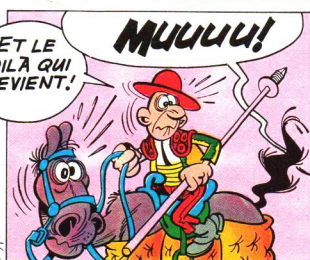
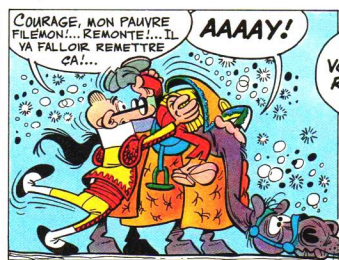
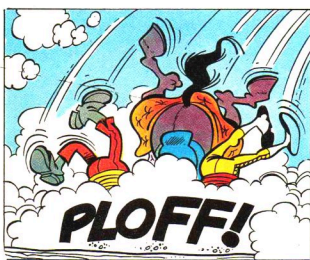
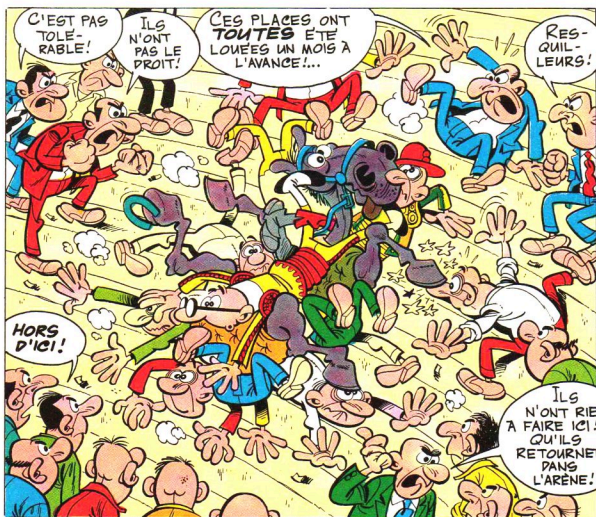




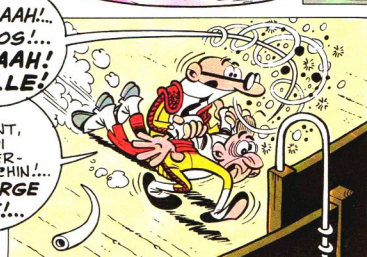
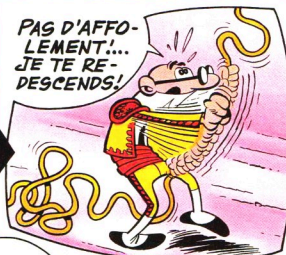
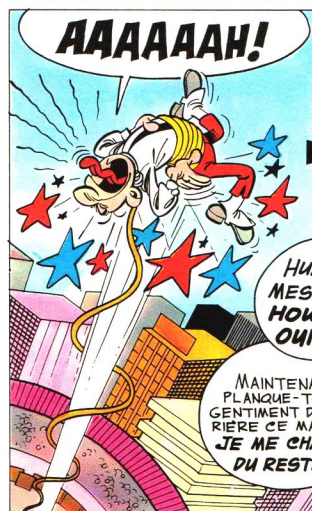
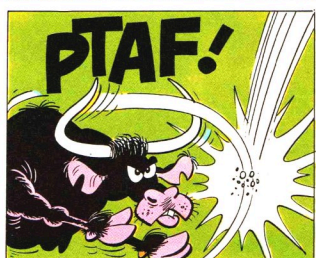
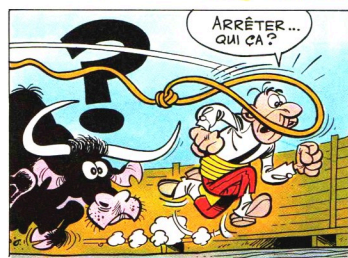
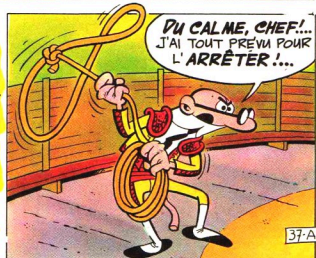
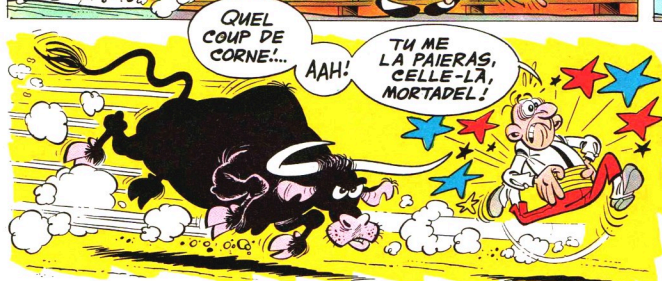
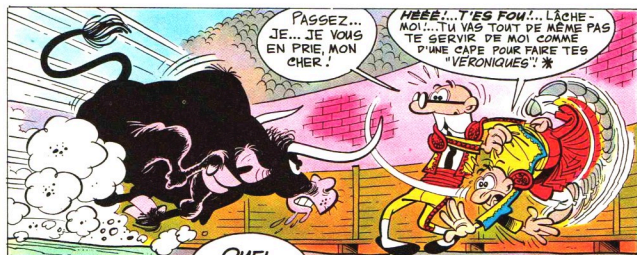






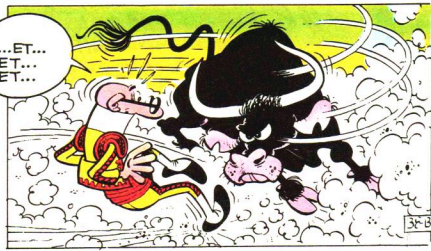
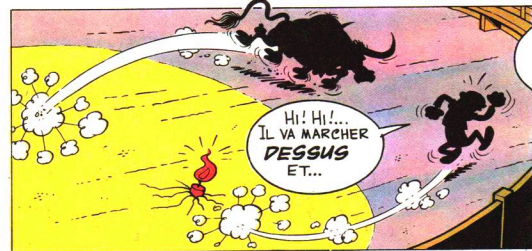
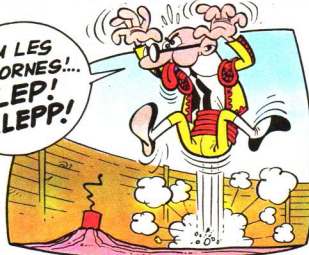
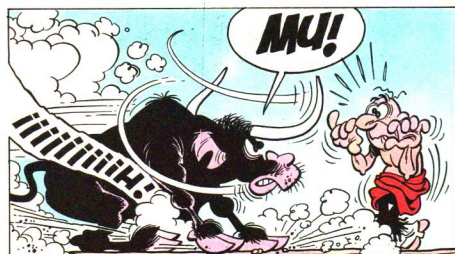
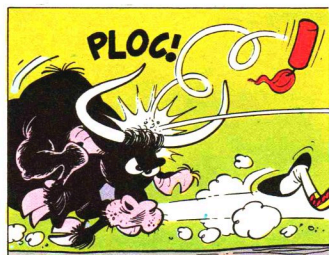
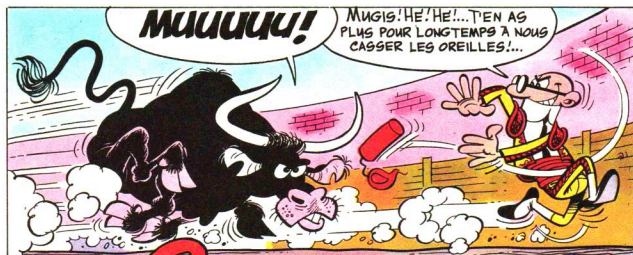




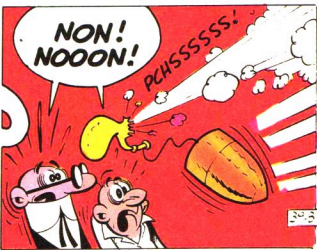
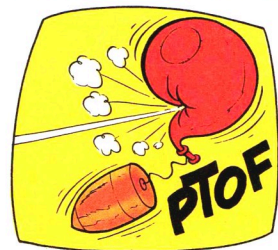
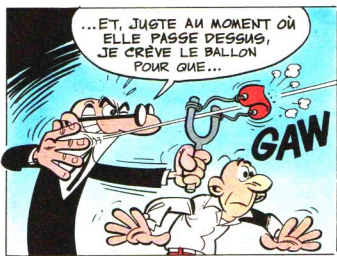
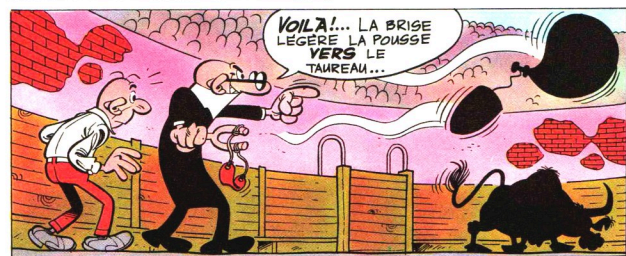
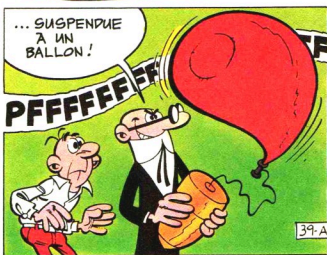
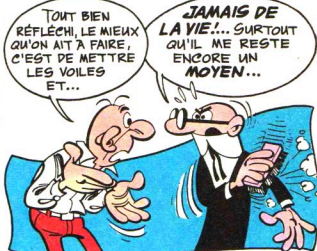
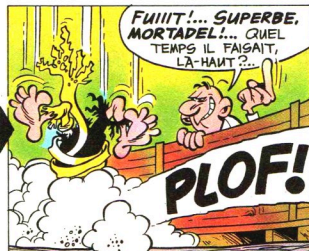
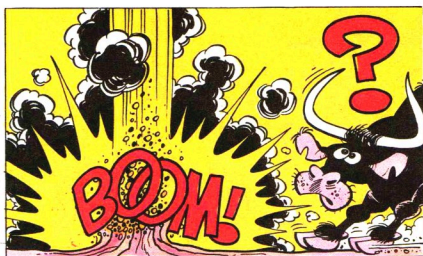
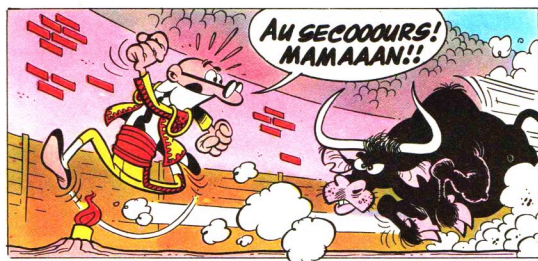


\* ON DONNE LE NOM DE VERONIQUE EN TAUROMACHIE À UN MOUVEMENT TOURNANT EXÉCUTÉ PAR LE TORERO AVEC SA CAPE RONGE. CE MOUVEMENT TRÈS GRACIEUX EST TOUJOURS TRÈS APPRÉCIÉ DES SPECTATEURS.

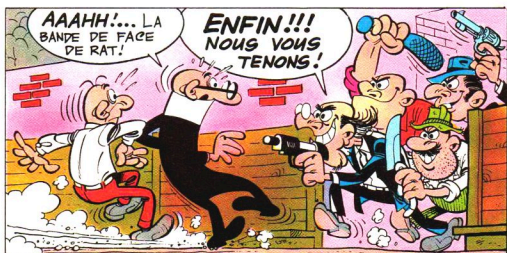
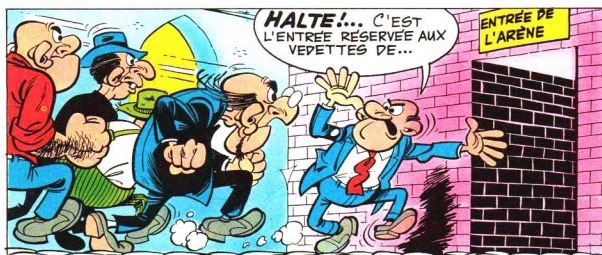
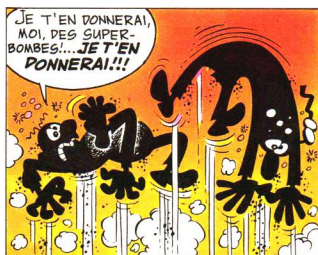












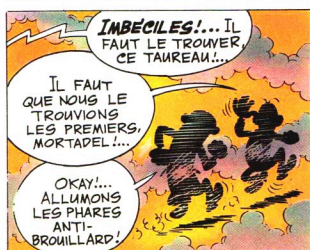
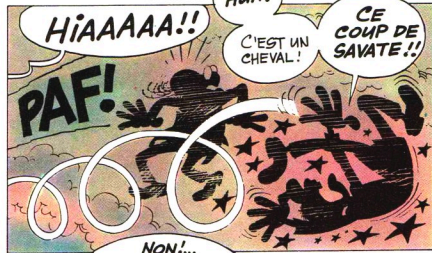
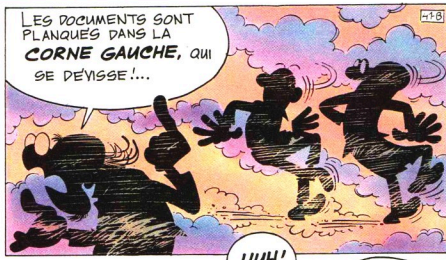
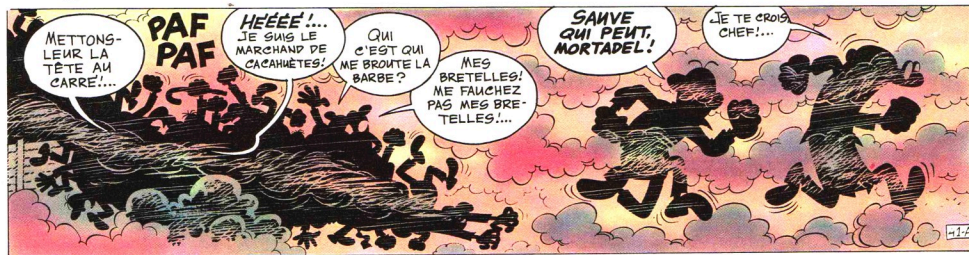
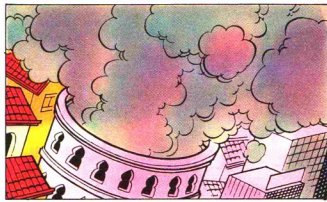




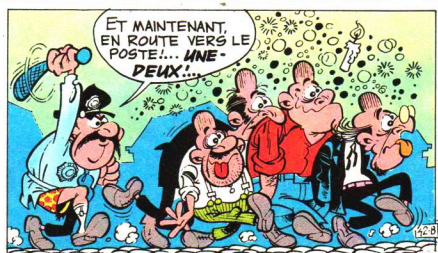
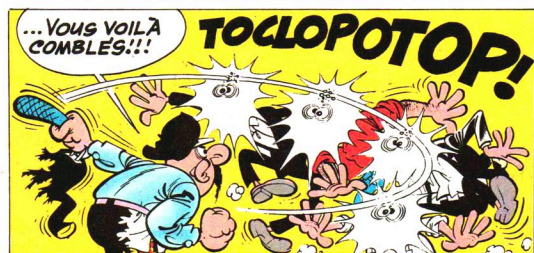
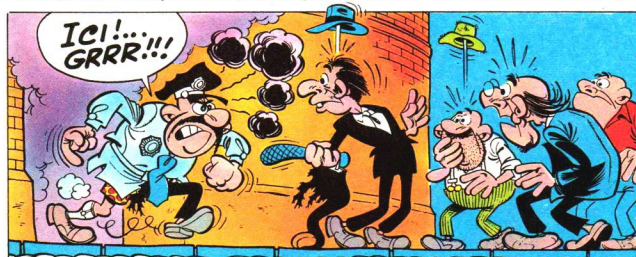
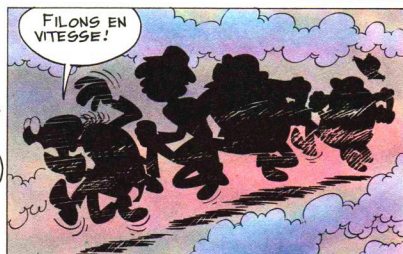
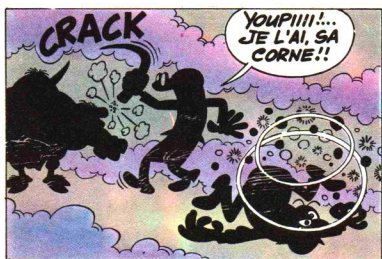
**CRAS!**



L'INSTANT D'APRÈS, L'ARÈNE SE TRANSFORMAIT EN UNE SORTE DE MARMITE ÉUMARITE... ÇA IL SE PASSAIT DES TÂS DE CHOSSES...









**The Daily Banana**

# VOL MYSTÉRIEUX PENDANT UNE CORRIDA

D'AMBAGEUX VOLEURS ONT ENFIM L'ACÈS POUR DÉROBER L'ARÈNE AVEC LA GAUCHE DU TAUREAU. ILS ONT RÉUSSI À S'ENFUIR AVANT D'ÊTRE LYNCHÉS PAR LES SPECTATEURS!



LA VICTIME

## UNE DANGÉREUSE BANDE INTERNATIONALE SOUS LES VERRONS

PENDANT QUE SE DÉROULAIENT CES ÉTONNANTS ÉVÉNEMENTS, LE TERRIBLE "FACE-DE-RAT" ET SA BANDE TENTAIENT DE VOLER LA MATRAQUE D'UN AGENT DE POLICE. LES MALFAITEURS ONT ÊTÉ LIVRÉS À L'INTERPOL ET... BLABLA... BLABLA... BLA...



HE! HE!... T'AS LU, CHEF?... VOILA ENCORE UNE AFFAIRE DE RÉGLÉE...

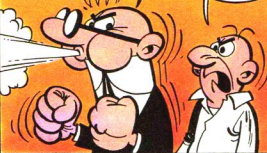
IL NE NOUS RESTE PLUS QU'À RENTRER AU Q.G. ... AVEC LE PRÉCIEUX TUBE...



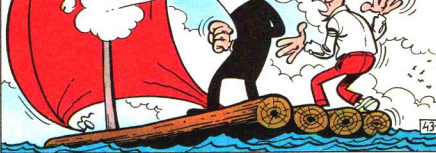
COMMENT ON VA RENTRER?... DANS L'AVION PRÉSIDENTIEL?... EN SOUS-MARIN ATOMIQUE?... EN PALANQUIN?



PFFFU... TOI, ON PEUT DIRE QUE TU RUINERAS PAS LE SERVICE EN NOTES DE VOYAGE... PFFUUUU... DIG-CUTE PAS ET SOUFFLE!




PFFUUUUU! PLUS FORT!... À CETTE VITESSE, ON N'ARRIVERA JAMAIS!...



GRRR!... ET ÇA RÉTRÉCIT, EN PLUS!!! CESSE DE RÂLER!... NOUS ARRIVONS!




YOUPIIIII!... EN VITESSE AU QUARTIER GÉNÉRAL! PFFFFFT!



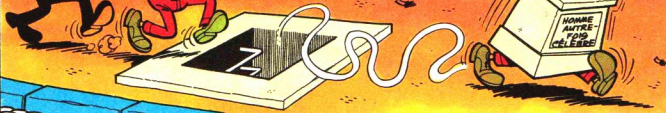
VITE LE SIGNAL CONVENU! TOC TOC TOC

HOMME ANTÉ-POIS CÉLÈBRE



CE QUE J'EN AI MARRE DE FAIRE LE PORTIER... OUI! MARRE!

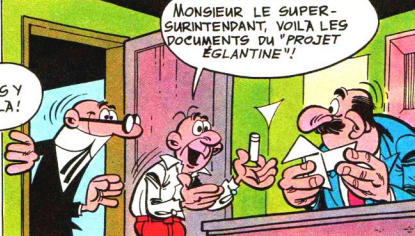
HOMME ANTÉ-POIS CÉLÈBRE



NOUS Y VOILA!



MONSIEUR LE SUPER-SURINTENDANT, VOILA LES DOCUMENTS DU "PROJET ÉGLANTINE"!



MERVEILLEUX!... C'EST LE PROFESSEUR KORNIBUS, QUI VA ÊTRE CONTENT! LE PROFESSEUR KORNIBUS?...!

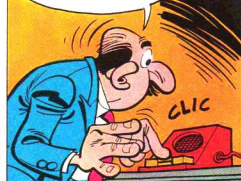




MAIS OUI!... IL EST AUSSI LE DIRECTEUR DU CENTRE INTERNATIONAL DE RECHERCHES NAUTTIQUES DE L'ESPACE, OÙ CES DOCUMENTS ONT ÉTÉ DÉROBÉS!...



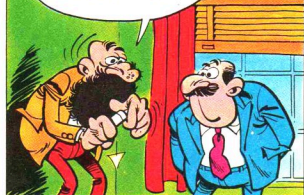
ALLÔ, PROFESSEUR!... LE TUBE DU "PROJET EGLANTINE" A ÉTÉ RÉCUPÉRÉ!...



ADMIRABLE!... CE SONT DES DOCUMENTS VITAUX POUR L'HUMANITÉ!... ENTRE LES MAINS DE BANDITS C'ÉDIT ÉTÉ AFFREUX!...



VOYONS SI LE MICROFILM EST TOUJOURS EN BON ÉTAT!...



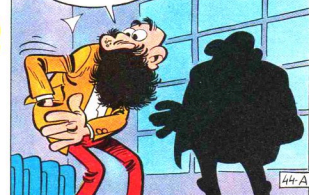
MAIS... QU'EST-CE?...



ON DIRAIT... DES CACHETS!



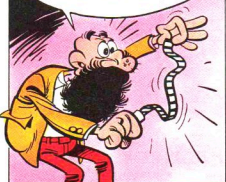
OH!... VOYONS-VOYONS-VOYONS!...



... CE TUBE DANS MA POCHE!...



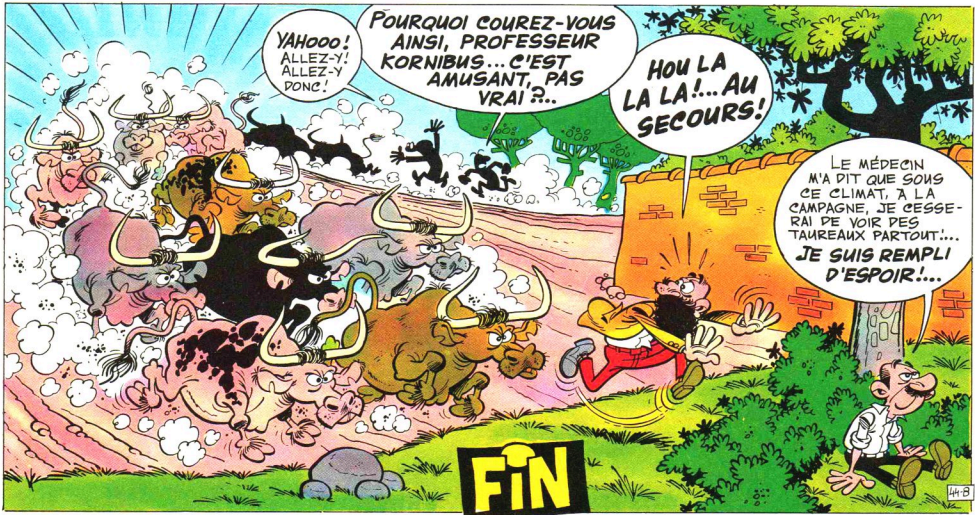
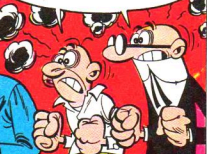
LE MICROFILM!... LE VOILÀ!!!



HE'HE'... AMUSANT!... LE TUBE DE CACHETS D'ASPIRINE, JE L'AI MIS DANS LE COFFRE-FORT ET CELUI QUI RENERMAIT LES DOCUMENTS, JE L'AI GARDE DANS MA POCHE... AMUSANT, N'EST-CE PAS?...



FOL-LE-MENT A-MU-SANT, PROFESSEUR!!



YAHOOO! ALLEZ-Y! ALLEZ-Y! PONG!

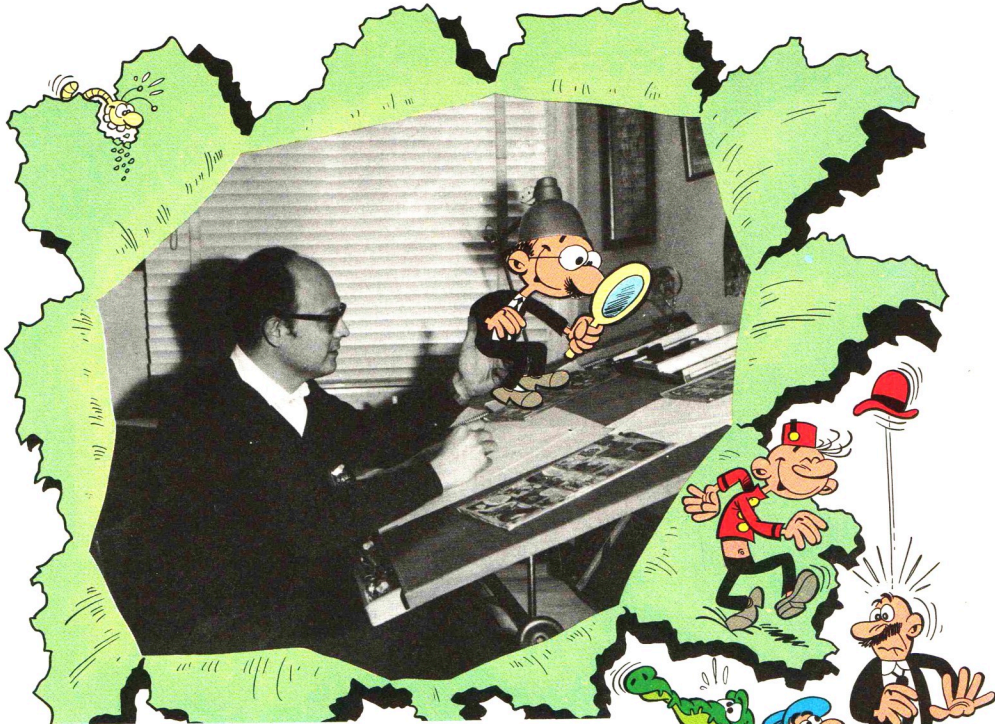
POURQUOI COUREZ-VOUS AINSI, PROFESSEUR KORNIBUS... C'EST AMUSANT, PAS VRAI?...

HOU LA LA LA!... AU SECOURS!

LE MÉDECIN M'A DIT QUE SOUS CE CLIMAT, À LA CAMPAGNE, JE CESSERAI DE VOIR DES TAUREAUX PARTOUT!... JE SUIS REMPLI D'ESPOIR!...

FIN





Petite (et édifiante) biographie du dénommé Francisco IBANEZ, créateur de « MORTADEL et FILEMON », les barbouzes caméléons.

**F**RANCISCO IBANEZ est né en Espagne en 1936. A peine s'essayait-il à marcher sur des jambes potelées mais encore chancelantes, qu'il s'adonnait déjà au dessin, comme en ont témoigné longtemps les murs de la maison familiale... oui... longtemps... jusqu'au jour où ses parents décidèrent de les faire lessiver, effaçant à jamais les chefs-d'œuvre de leur géniale progéniture ! Las ! Nul n'est prophète en son pays !

Notre jeune et méconnu génie usa ensuite, comme tout un chacun, ses fonds de culottes sur les bancs de l'école primaire et du lycée. Après quoi il s'attaqua hardiment aux études supérieures ! Il fit ici preuve d'une force de caractère peu commune, en persévérant tout au long d'une longue, longue année ! (il préfère ne pas mentionner les titres obtenus grâce à cette étonnante performance... et pour cause !)

Quoi qu'il en soit, à la recherche du brillant avenir qu'il pensait lui revenir de droit, il entra dans une banque... Las ! Las ! Sous son stylo-bille, les chiffres alignés s'animaient malicieusement, se tortillant, se transformant en lutins facétieux et turbulents, impossibles à contenir ! Décidément, il valait mieux abandonner ! Et c'est avec la bénédiction et la chaleureuse approbation de ses supérieurs qu'il fit ses adieux à la banque. Quant aux soupirs que lesdits supérieurs poussèrent lorsqu'il franchit la porte sans espoir de retour, nul ne sait si c'étaient des soupirs de soulagement ou de nostalgie !

Et le voilà en tête à tête avec ses malicieux lutins ! Les crayons couraient seuls sur la page blanche ! Et, leur ayant bon gré mal gré donné vie, notre héros décida de s'en débarrasser en les proposant à la revue

« Chicolino »... il y fut accueilli à bras ouverts ! Mais... mais la revue dut fermer ses portes quelques semaines plus tard (on ne sait si c'était dû au hasard ou à la présence de Francisco Ibanez !). Il affronta ensuite la revue « La Risa ». Cette dernière eut la vie plus dure et résista quelques années ! Une troisième revue subit le même sort ! Alors, la tête, les poches, et le bout du stylo pleins de ses lutins, Francisco Ibanez se lança à l'assaut de la forteresse que sont les Editions Bruguera de Barcelone... Cela se passait il y a quatorze ans... Quatorze ans que Francisco Ibanez y exerce ses ravages et que deux des plus turbulents lutins, j'ai nommé **Mortadel** et **Filemon**, mènent dans les revues des Editions Bruguera, un train d'enfer ! Eh bien !... Eh bien !... la maison tient toujours ! Et... bien mieux... non seulement les Editions Bruguera n'ont pas été contraintes de mettre la clé sous le paillasson, mais Francisco Ibanez reçut, en 1969, le prix de « l'Anneau d'or », prix dont rêvent tous les dessinateurs de bandes dessinées... et ceci pour nos chères barbouzes **Mortadel** et **Filemon**, consacrant ainsi leur popularité et leur célébrité !

Alors... alors... les Editions Aventures et Voyages (au fond pas plus rassurées que ça) se sont à leur tour hasardées à accueillir l'atomique Francisco Ibanez et à donner asile dans les albums de la collection « **Mon Journal** » à ses deux explosifs héros... Jus- qu'ici, tout va bien... mais... hum !... nous vous mettons néanmoins en garde ! Lorsque vous ouvrirez l'album, allez-y prudemment ! Nos deux lascars libérés seraient bien capables de jaillir hors de leur cadre pour se livrer en liberté, Dieu seul sait à quelle esbroufante prouesse !

